★ April 24, 1943

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 1.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll are those principally involved. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—Two nice old spinsters are in the habit of poisoning their boarders and burying them in the cellar. After two years this Crouse-Lindsay comedy, with Effie Shannon, is still one of the funniest things in town. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about a man whose wives come back to haunt him. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Counselor-at-Law—Paul Muni in a revival of Elmer Rice's 1931 success. Still pretty good fun, though it is fairly dated in spots. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Dark Eyes—Very funny piece about the invasion of a Long Island household by three spirited Russians. The co-authors, Eugenie Leontovich and Elena Miramova, play a large part in all the excitement. Jed Harris is the director. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Doughgirls—All about how three sporty girls are turned loose in wartime Washington and nearly wreck it. The cast, directed by George S. Kaufman, includes Virginia Field, Arleen Whelan, and Doris Nolan. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Mon., April 26, at 2:40.)

The Eve of St. Mark—Maxwell Anderson's handling of the tragedy of Bataan makes an effective melodrama but a rather florid and sentimental play. Aline MacMahon, William Prince, and Mary Rolfe have leading rôles. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performance Mon. Eve., April 26, at 8:40, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

Harriet—Thirty-three years in the life of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," who, unfortunately, doesn't seem to have been a very interesting woman. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Janie—Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins in a comedy about adolescent and military life in the suburbs that may easily appeal to suburban adolescents. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3; special Mats. Mon. and Wed., April 26 and 28, at 2:40.)

Junior Miss—An industrious thirteen-year-old tries to make her family behave like people in the movies. A very funny and touching adaptation of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories. Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan are superb as two demon little girls. The adults include Barbara Robbins, Francesca Bruning, Alexander Kirkland, and Philip Ober. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss and Tell—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a fine cast, including Jessie Royce Landis and Robert Keith. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mats. Mon. and Fri., April 26 and 30, at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This agreeable comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's book, is well over three years old. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney continue to play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Patriots—A lucid, if not very inspiring, account of Thomas Jefferson's feud with Alexander Hamilton. A joint production of the Playwrights' Company and Rowland Stebbins, with a cast that includes Raymond Edward Johnson, House Jameson, and Madge Evans. Winner of the Drama Critics' award for the season's best play. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Pirate—A costume piece about the West Indies in 1800 that has its bright moments—S. N. Behrman being who he is—but seems to sag every now and then. The Lunts, of course, are in charge most of the time. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., May 1.)

The Skin of Our Teeth—Thornton Wilder's superb fantasy, dealing with the survival of the human race through glaciers and floods and wars. Tallulah Bankhead, Fredric March, and Florence Eldridge head a superior cast. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Tomorrow the World—A sober, though somewhat elementary, attempt to deal with the problem of how the children of Nazi Germany are to be reeducated. Skippy Homeier is remarkable as the young Fascist, and Ralph Bellamy and Shirley Booth are very helpful as his American hosts. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Uncle Harry—Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye in a pretty melodrama about a murderer who tries to confess but can't get anybody to believe him. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

WITH MUSIC

By Jupiter—Ray Bolger in the Rodgers and Hart adaptation of "The Warrior's Husband." Ronald Graham and Benay Venuta also appear in this first-rate musical. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence and a considerably revised cast back again in Moss Hart's fantasy about a lady editor who gets tangled up in psychiatry. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
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Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs" that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. Richard Rodgers wrote the music and the cast includes Joan Roberts, Celeste Holm, Alfred Drake, and Joseph Buloff. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Something for the Boys—Ethel Merman singing Cole Porter songs in a comedy that is about Army life as much as anything else. A big, good-natured show, also containing Allen Jenkins and Paula Laurence. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Sons o' Fun—This Olsen and Johnson brainstorm is strictly for those who admired "Hellz-a-Poppin." Chic Johnson has left the cast, but Ole Olsen, Frank Libuse, and Joe Besser are still around to torment the audience. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Star and Garter—A peculiar mixture of authentic burlesque and a high-class parody of it, with Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee. Rough but stimulating. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ziegfeld Follies—Milton Berle leading a large cast, including Arthur Treacher and Ilona Massey, through this rough-and-tumble version of an American institution. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Wed., at 8:35. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:35.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

The First Million—A comedy by Irving Elman, with Dorrit Kelton, Harlan Briggs, and Russell Collins. Produced by James S. Elliott. Opens Wed., April 28. (Ritz, 48, W. CI 6-9720. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Benefits—At the MUSIC BOX, 45, W. (CI 6-4636): Hildegarde, Milton Berle, Gertrude Lawrence, Jimmy Durante, and many others in an entertainment for the Father Duffy Canteen, Sun., April 25, at 8:45 P.M. . . . ROYALE, 45, W. (CI 5-5760): Canada Lee, Lillian Roth, Georgie Price, and others; for the Professional Children's School; Mon., April 26, at 8:40 P.M.

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Blue Hill Troupe's production this year is "Iolanthe": Thurs. through Sat., April 29-May 1, at 8:45 P.M. and, as a benefit for the Red Cross, Sat., May 1, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3546.)

Children's Entertainment—Sue Hastings' Marionettes in "Hansel and Gretel": Sat., May 1, at 3 P.M. (Henry Hudson Hotel, 361 W. 57. For tickets, call AT 9-3627.)

Stars on Ice—A skating spectacle produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Theatre—"Apollo" (with Zorina; Stravinsky conducting), "Romeo and Juliet," and "Bluebeard," Sun. Eve., April 25; "Three-Cornered Hat" (with Argentinita), "Petrouchka" (Stravinsky conducting), and "Princess Aurora," Mon. Eve., April 26; "Giselle," "Three Virgins and a Devil" (with Agnes de Mille), and "Capriccio Espagnol," Tues. Eve., April 27; "Apollo" (with Zorina; Stravinsky conducting), "Pillar of Fire," "Pas de Quatre," and "Capriccio Espagnol," Wed. Eve., April 28; "The Romantic Age," "Aleko," "Three Virgins and a Devil" (with Agnes de Mille), and "Helen of Troy" (with Zorina), Thurs. Eve., April 29; "Les Sylphides," "The Russian Soldier," and "Bluebeard," Fri. Eve., April 30; "Peter and the Wolf," "Romeo and Juliet," and "Coppelia," Sat. Aft., May 1; "Three-Cornered Hat" (with Argentinita), "Aleko," and "Helen of Troy" (with Zorina), Sat. Eve., May 1. (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

Charles Weidman—Appearing with Florence Lessing and Peter Hamilton, Sat., April 24, at 8:45 P.M. (Studio Theatre, 108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

Angna Enters—Presenting a program as a benefit for the Art Students' League, Thurs., April 29, at 8:30 P.M. (Barbizon-Plaza, 6 Ave. at 58. For tickets, call CI 7-4510.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them are closed altogether or have fill-in performers on either Sunday

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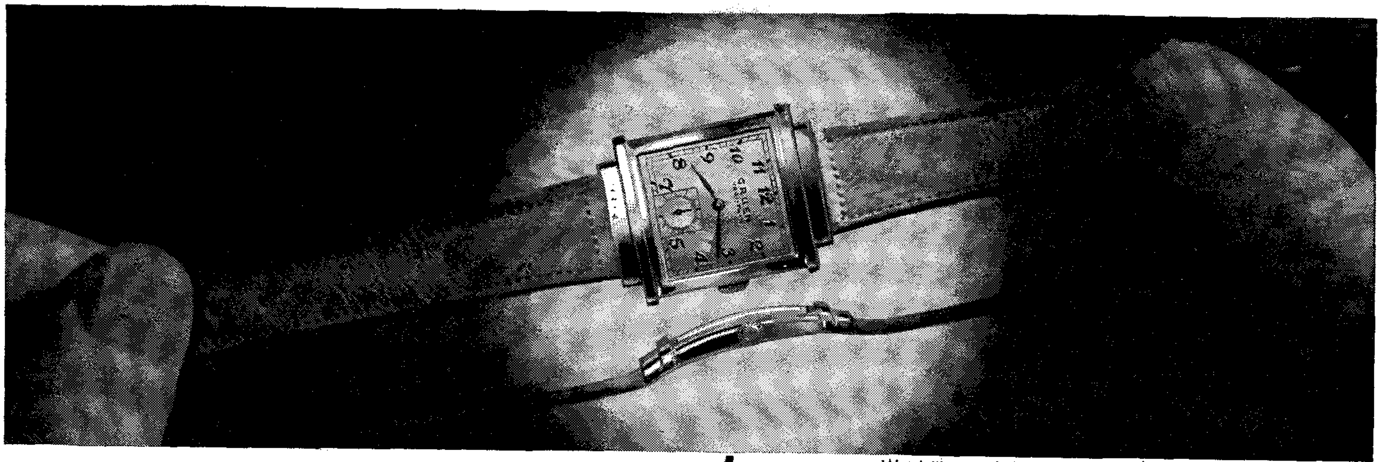

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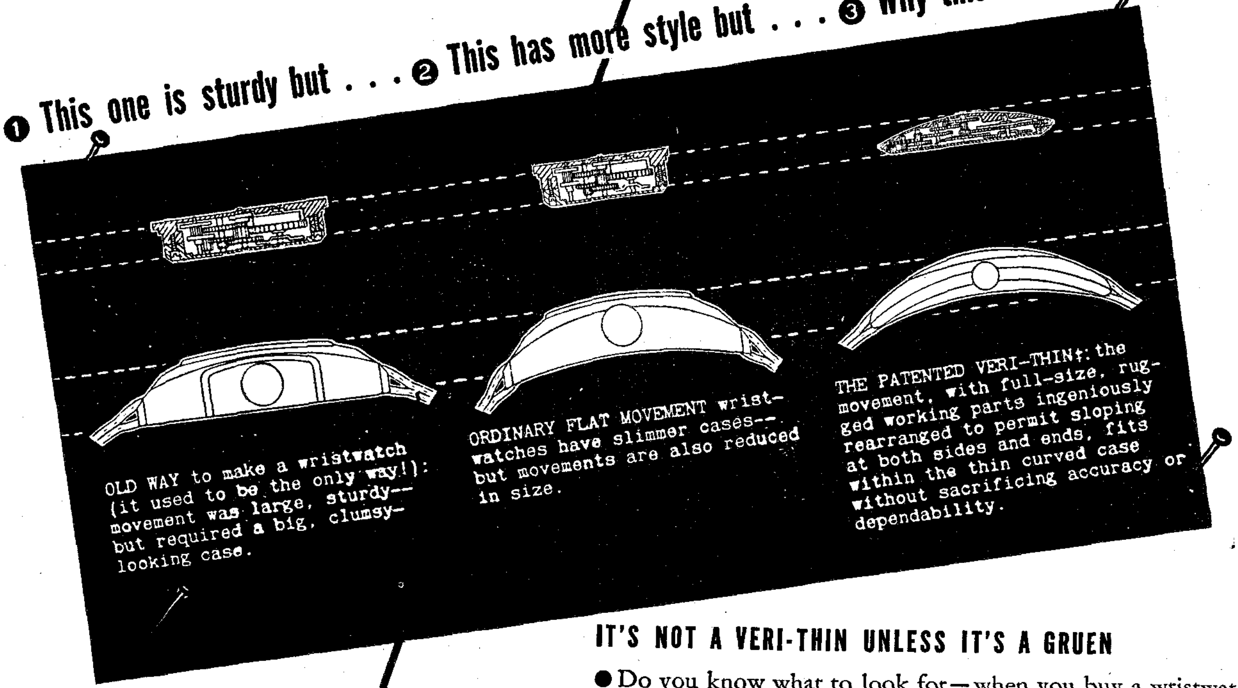

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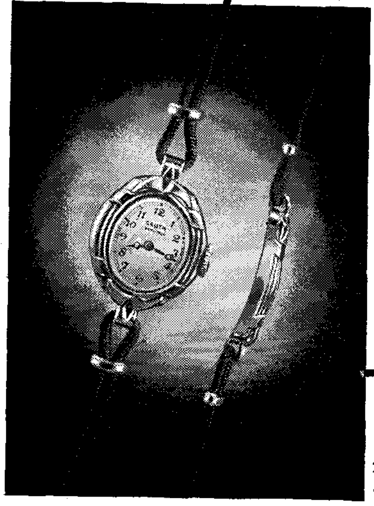

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, APRIL 22, THROUGH SATURDAY, MAY 1.

or Monday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room has plenty of space for dancing to music by Jules Lande's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—The Bowman Room offers an ice show, with Hazel Franklin, and music by Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and Teddy Wilson's orchestra help put the emphasis on jazz.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Jimmy Durante will head the show at this tropical spot through Wed., April 28. Ted Straeter's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—No show, of course, but there are still the coconuts and zebra stripes to marvel at, as well as Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The orchestras of Michael Lo Scalvo and Eddie Davis play good tunes as they were written.

Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Dick Gasparre's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band play for dancing in this well-got-up room.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room has the most regal-looking waiters in town, as well as Stanley Melba's orchestra and a small show. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde is at home to her friends in the Persian Room. Bob Grant's orchestra. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room is a sort of junior palace, now housing Larry Keyes' orchestra. . . . You'll find Freddy Miller's and Bob Simone's orchestras downstairs in the Maisonette, where much is made of Viennese waltzes.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The gay Café Lounge offers a show and dance music by Russ Smith's orchestra. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—One of the most popular canteens on the East Side. Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbello's rumba band. Larry Siry's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Alec Templeton is entertaining in the Wedgwood Room during the supper hour and Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra is on hand all evening. Mischa Borr's orchestra helps entertain the after-theatre trade. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a dimly lit little place, with Maxine Sullivan and a number of other competent performers. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Claude Alphand, Sylvia Marlowe, and Brenda Forbes are keeping things going in this new spot. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself sings those hearty songs of hers, and there are other entertainers as well. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE,** 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): there's Libby Holman, in addition to the Lamotte murals you may have heard about. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and the customers just relax in this large, softly lighted room. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): candlelight, a view of the Park, and musicians, strolling and stationary.

Miscellaneous—The **VERSAILLES,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): on Thurs., April 29, the present show, headed by Dwight Fiske, will be replaced by a new one which will include Charles Weidman; Val Olman's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band will stay on. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): a small spot with more charm for its size, or perhaps because of it, than most; Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): one of the tiniest dance floors yet, with Maggi McNellis and George Morris's orchestra. . . . **CASBAH,** 112 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-2236): a fairly fancy one, with Don Maya's orchestra and a not too large show. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): a cheerful place, with Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and a show. . . . **RIOBAMBA,** 151 E. 57 (PL 8-1960): pink-and-blue ceilings and white palm trees, and a show headed by Frank Sinatra; Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Chavez's rumba band. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): handy to Carnegie Hall, for one thing; Kris Kay's and Cornelius Codolban's orchestras and a Russian show. . . . **COMMODORE,** Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Barry Winton's orchestra. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Jerry Wald's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Bob Allen's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): noisy, but all right if you feel like community singing; no dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a low-ceilinged cellar spot, with Richard Dyer-Bennett singing folk songs. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): rough-and-tumble carryings-on until all hours, far south of the beaten track.

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Broadway Atmosphere—At the **HURRICANE,** B'way at 49 (CO 5-1995): Duke Ellington and his band should be enough for you, but there's also a show. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): Harriet Hoctor and W. C. Handy heading a Billy Rose show. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): modelled after the old Left Bank, with cancans and all that. . . . **LA CONGA,** 209 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a Latin-American place, with a show headed by Carmen Amaya; Machito's rumba band. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with a rumba band and a show.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a Village favorite, with Ammons and Johnson and Frankie Newton's orchestra. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): another downtown landmark, this one with Brad Gowans' orchestra, featuring Pee Wee Russell and Eddie Condon. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): nothing elaborate about the setting, but there's the Clarence Profit Trio and Coleman Hawkins. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a small place, with Bill Davison's band.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-6444). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

ART

Abstract—Seventh annual exhibit of the American Abstract Artists: Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., April 25.

Darrel Austin—Retrospective of oils and drawings: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 8.

Braque and Picasso—Fourteen paintings by two famous moderns: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 1.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kw'y—Originals of War Bond posters by twenty-nine artists, including Reginald Marsh, Thomas Hart Benton, and Alexander Brook (through Fri., April 30); also, the Museum's twelfth biennial water-color exhibition (through May 23). Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Paul Burlin—A modernist puts his ideas on canvas: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 8.

Collages—Marcel Duchamp, Alexander Calder, Georges Braque, Joan Miró, and about thirty other artists exhibit their works in this medium: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 15.

Salvador Dali—Fourteen portraits and some drawings by this energetic fellow: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 5.

Julio de Diego—A Spanish-American artist shows new oils inspired by the war: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 15.

Jesús Guerrero Galván—Recent oil paintings by a contemporary Mexican artist: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 4.

Groups—At the **DOWNTOWN,** 43 E. 51: spring exhibition of paintings by artists associated with this gallery. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 24. . . . **ANDRE SELIGMANN,** 15 E. 57: paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Fredric Taubes, Marguerite Zorach, Isabel Bate, Franc Epping, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 1.

TOOLS FOR VICTORY
RD

Hesketh—Sculptures in marble, wood, and plastics: Ferargil, 63 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 24.

Oskar Kokoschka—A showing of his oils, lithographs, drawings, and water colors: St. Etienne, 46 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 24.

Walt Kuhn—Paintings of circus people: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Mon., 1 to 5:30 P.M.; other weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through May 8.

Ernest Lawson—Paintings by an American Impressionist, done between 1889 and 1938: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 1.

Jacques Lipchitz—Recent sculptures and the studies made for them: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 8.

Luigi Lucioni—A naturalistic artist shows his latest oils: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., April 30.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—A loan collection of a hundred oils, water colors, and gouaches by contemporary artists (through Tues., April 27); also, prints and color reproductions of the work of Pieter Breughel the Elder (through June 30). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Piet Mondrian and Maria—New paintings by the first; sculptures of Brazilian subjects by the second: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 24.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Big exhibition of Latin-American paintings, drawings, prints, and sculptures. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through May 9.

Georgia O'Keeffe—Recent oils in her established style: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through May 22.

Theodore Robinson and Herman Maril—Paintings by the former, a late-nineteenth-century artist (through May 8); the latter shows gouaches and water colors (through Sat., May 1): Macbeth, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

Kurt Seligmann—Paintings and drawings by a surrealist: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 1.

David Smith—One of the younger abstractionists shows sculptures and drawings: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 1.

Chaim Soutine—First New York showing in some years by the foremost European Expressionist: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 24.

Saul Steinberg—Colored drawings and gouaches; also, paintings and a mural by Constantin Nivola: Wakefield, 64 E. 55. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 24.

Thirty Years Ago—Paintings by the leaders of modern art of that time: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 1.

John Whorf—New water colors of the sea and land: Milch, 108 W. 57. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 24.

Women—Fifty-first annual of the National Association of Women Artists: Fine Arts, 215 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 24.

Here and There—At the **MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING,** 24 E. 54: paintings by contemporary Americans, including Ladislaus Moholy-Nagy, Werner Drewes, and Jean Xceron. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through June 15. . . . **LILIENFELD,** 21 E. 57: oils by Maurice Vlaminck. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., April 24. . . . **SCHONEMAN,** 73 E. 57: oils and water colors by Emilio Grau-Sala. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 1. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 106 E. 57: pastels and paintings by Stephen Csoka. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., April 30. . . . **PASSEDOIT,** 121 E. 57: landscapes and nudes by Eugene Paul Ullman. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., April 24. . . . **IRANIAN INSTITUTE,** 9 E. 89: loan show of Persian, Chinese, and Indian art. Weekdays 2 to 5 P.M.; through May 8. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: recent oils by Gladys Rockmore Davis. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through May 15. . . . **KLEEMANN,** 65 E. 57: oils by Lisa Mangor; also, etchings and woodcuts by Isaac Friedlander. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 1.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447.)

N.B.C. Symphony—Arturo Toscanini conducting; soloist, Vladimir Horowitz; tickets by purchase of War Bonds: Carnegie Hall, Sun., April 25, at 4 P.M.

Philharmonic-Symphony—Dmitri Mitropoulos conducting; soloist, Mishel Piastro; a benefit for the Red Cross: Carnegie Hall, Thurs., April 29, at 8:30 P.M.

National Orchestral Association—Leon Barzin conducting; soloists, William Masselas and Frances Magnes: Carnegie Hall, Mon., April 26, at 8:45 P.M.

Serenade Series—An orchestra conducted by Vladimir Golschmann, with Georges Chavchavadze, Yvonne de Casa Fuerte, and other soloists, in the last of a number of concerts of classical and modern compositions; a benefit for men of the armed services: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53 (CI 5-8900), Tues., April 27, at 9 P.M.

Recital—Donald Dame: Town Hall, Wed., April 28, at 8:30 P.M.

University Women's Chorus—Lowell P. Beveridge conducting: Carnegie Chamber Music Hall, Fri., April 30, at 8:45 P.M.

Golden Hill Chorus—George Mead conducting: Town Hall, Sat., May 1, at 8:30 P.M.

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—"Parsifal," Fri., April 23, at 1 P.M.; "La Traviata," Sat., April 24, at 2 P.M.; "Cavalleria Rusticana," "The Dance of the Hours," and "Pagliacci," Sat., April 24, at 8 P.M. (PE 6-1210.)

Rosalinda—The Max Reinhardt version of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Washington, Thurs., April 22, at 3 P.M. and Sat., April 24, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Boston, Sun., April 25, at 3 P.M. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Boston, Tues. through Thurs., April 27-29, at 3 P.M.; Giants vs. Dodgers, Fri., April 30, at 3 P.M. and Sat., May 1, at 2:30 P.M. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Giants, Thurs., April 22, at 3 P.M.; Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Sat. and Sun., April 24-25, at 2:30 P.M.

Crew—Harlem River: Columbia vs. Navy, Sat., April 24, freshmen at 3:30 P.M., varsity at 4:30 P.M.; Columbia vs. Rutgers, Sat., May 1, freshmen at 3 P.M., varsity at 4 P.M.

Racing—Weekdays at Jamaica, at 2 P.M.; through May 8. (Excelsior Handicap, April 24; Rosedale Stakes, April 28; Jamaica Handicap, May 1.) Trains will leave Penn Station frequently between 11:30 A.M. and 1:30 P.M. each day.

OTHER EVENTS

The Circus—The Ringling show in all its old, plain-sawdust glory, with none of the modernistic frills of recent years: Madison Square Garden. Performances daily at 2:15 and 8:30 P.M.; through May 15.

Narcissus Show—The annual spring event of the Horticultural Society of New York: 598 Madison, at 57 (16th floor). Tues., April 27, from 2 to 10 P.M. and Wed., April 28, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

Wartime Exhibition—A collection, assembled by the Army, of weapons, ranging from pistols to howitzers, of the kinds being used by our forces overseas: Chrysler Bldg., 405 Lexington, at 42. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; through May 15.

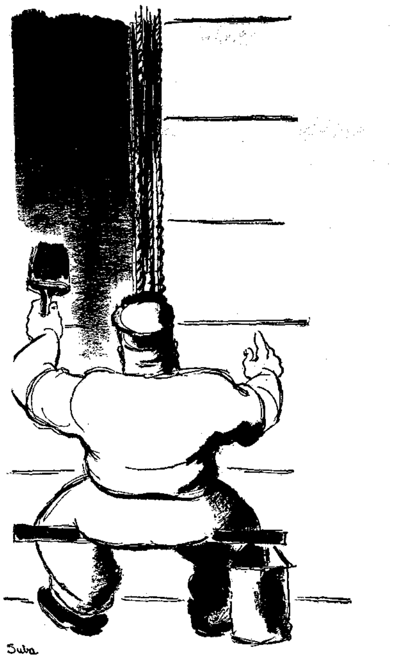
Photography—At the MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY, R.C.A. Bldg: more than seven hundred entries in the Press Photographers' annual exhibit of noteworthy camera shots of the year, mostly of metropolitan scenes. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through May 2 . . . NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Pk. W., at 76: photographs of men by the late Pirie MacDonald, from 1900 to 1942. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

Patent Models—An exhibition of working models of trolley cars, printing presses, looms, and all sorts of gadgets registered with the United States Patent Office during the last century: Architectural League, 115 E. 40. Thurs. and Sat., April 22 and 24, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M. and Fri., April 23, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

English Caricatures—Original drawings and reproductions of works by Cruikshank, Rowlandson, Gillray, and other eighteenth- and nineteenth-century illustrators: Morgan Library, 29 E. 36. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through May 31.

On the Air—Elmer Davis, head of the Office of War Information, in a series of broadcasts, Fri. Eves. at 10:45 P.M., WABC, WEAF, WJZ, and WQXR. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., April 24 and May 1, at 8:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . American Servicemen's Easter service, from St. Paul's, London, Sun., April 25, at 11:05 A.M., WABC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Fri., April 30, at 2:30 P.M., WOR. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "La Traviata," with Bidu Sayao and Charles Kullman, Sat., April 24, at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Racing: from Churchill Downs, the Kentucky Derby, Sat., May 1, at 6:15 P.M., WABC; from Jamaica, the Excelsior Handicap, Sat., April 24, and the Jamaica Handicap, Sat., May 1, at 4:15 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR; Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; John Gunther, Fri., April 23 and 30, and Sat., May 1, at 10 P.M., WJZ; Frazier Hunt, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; Waverley Root, nightly at 6:30 P.M., WINS; William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ; Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45 and Sun. at 2:30 and 6 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.



Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Roman and Syrian glass, Persian, Turkish, and Mesopotamian pottery, and Gothic and Renaissance tapestries and furniture, from the collections of E. Rokhsar, Walter Roselle, and others: Sat., April 24, at 2 P.M. . . . Paintings, including some by Titian, Rembrandt, Derain, and Renoir, from the collections of Mrs. T. E. Houston, Mrs. Victor Harris, and others: Thurs., April 29, at 8:15 P.M. . . . English Victorian furniture and decorative objects and American primitive paintings, owned by Juliana Force: Fri., April 30, at 2 P.M.

Note—The annual Easter dawn service will be held on the Central Park Mall on Sun., April 25, at 7 A.M.

MOTION PICTURES

Across the Pacific—A moving picture that keeps moving, with spies and counter-spies, a few of whom are Humphrey Bogart, Mary Astor, and Sydney Greenstreet. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., April 27-29.)

Air Force—Across the Pacific in a B-17. The cast, which is not important, includes John Garfield and Harry Carey. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; through Wed., April 28.)

At the Front—This half-length Technicolor feature, made in Africa by the Signal Corps, has some good plane and tank sequences of the war. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., April 24. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Tues., April 24-27. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Fri., April 24-30.)

Casablanca—About forged passports, underground movements, and other intricacies of life in the North African port before the Allied invasion. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Sat., April 24. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Tues., April 24-27. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Sat. through Fri., April 24-30. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sun. through Tues., April 25-27.)

Desert Victory—You get a better idea from this British documentary of how Montgomery went about chasing Rommel into Tunisia than if you'd been there. Best non-fiction film of this or any previous war. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

Edge of Darkness—Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan, Walter Huston, Judith Anderson, and other citizens of a Norwegian town make life hell for the Germans but fairly enjoyable for the audience. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

George Washington Slept Here—Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan in an adaptation of the play about what happens to city folk who wander into the country. (Park, at Columbus Circle; through Fri., April 23.)

Hangmen Also Die—Excitement following the assassination of a German official in Czechoslovakia. Kept especially exciting by the direction of Fritz Lang. The cast includes Brian Donlevy, Walter Brennan, and Anna Lee. (Capitol, B'way at 51; through Wed., April 28.)

The Heart of a Nation—Covers seventy years of French history and of the history of one French family. The performances of Raimu, Suzy Prim, Louis Jouvet, Michèle Morgan, and others make the film worth smuggling out of France, which it was. (Abbey, B'way at 51; Thurs., April 22.)

The Human Comedy—A screen play by Saroyan, based on the usual rosy Saroyan point of view but also pleasantly fresh. Mickey Rooney, Frank Morgan, and a small boy named Jenkins. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

Immortal Sergeant—A British patrol lost in the Libyan Desert, with psychological overtones. Henry Fonda, Thomas Mitchell, and Maureen O'Hara. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., April 22. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Wed. through Fri., April 28-30.)

The Moon Is Down—The Steinbeck novel-play adapted for the screen with some telling improvements. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Henry Travers, and Dorris Bowden are in the cast. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; through Fri., April 23.)

Saludos Amigos—An erratic Disney, most of it good, about South America. Featuring Donald Duck and others. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., April 23.)

Shadow of a Doubt—A Hitchcock, a bit under Hitchcock par but still scary, about a mild little family and its mysterious uncle. With Joseph Cotten, Teresa Wright, and Henry Travers. (Art, 36 E. 8; Thurs., April 22. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., April 23.)

They Got Me Covered—Mainly Bob Hope, mixed up in a plot about sabotage that you can cheerfully disregard. There's also Dorothy Lamour. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., April 23. . . . Beacon, B'way at 75; through Mon., April 26. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Fri. through Thurs., April 23-29. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., April 25-26.)

The Young Mr. Pitt—England under Pitt the Younger, with some splendid rhetoric by Robert Donat and Robert Morley. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., April 28.)

REVIVALS

The Baker's Wife (1940)—Rabelaisian French film. With Raimu. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Sat. and Sun., April 24-25.)

The Gold Rush (1942)—Charlie Chaplin's 1925 classic, stepped up with narrative and music. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., April 28-30.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, crowds, and armies. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., April 26-27.)

The Green Pastures (1936)—The Roark Bradford-Marc Connelly piece. With Rex Ingram. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., April 28-30.)

The Little Foxes (1941)—Lillian Hellman's play of greed and murder in the Deep South. Bette Davis, Patricia Collinge, and Herbert Marshall. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Mon., April 23-26.)

Love from a Stranger (1937)—An Agatha Christie story. Ann Harding and Basil Rathbone. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., April 23.)

San Francisco (1936)—Jeanette MacDonald, Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, and the earthquake. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Wed., April 28.)

The Shop Around the Corner (1940)—Whimsy in Budapest. Margaret Sullavan, James Stewart, and Frank Morgan. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., April 23.)

Sous les Toits de Paris (1930)—Best-known early René Clair film. In French. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Sat. and Sun., April 24-25.)

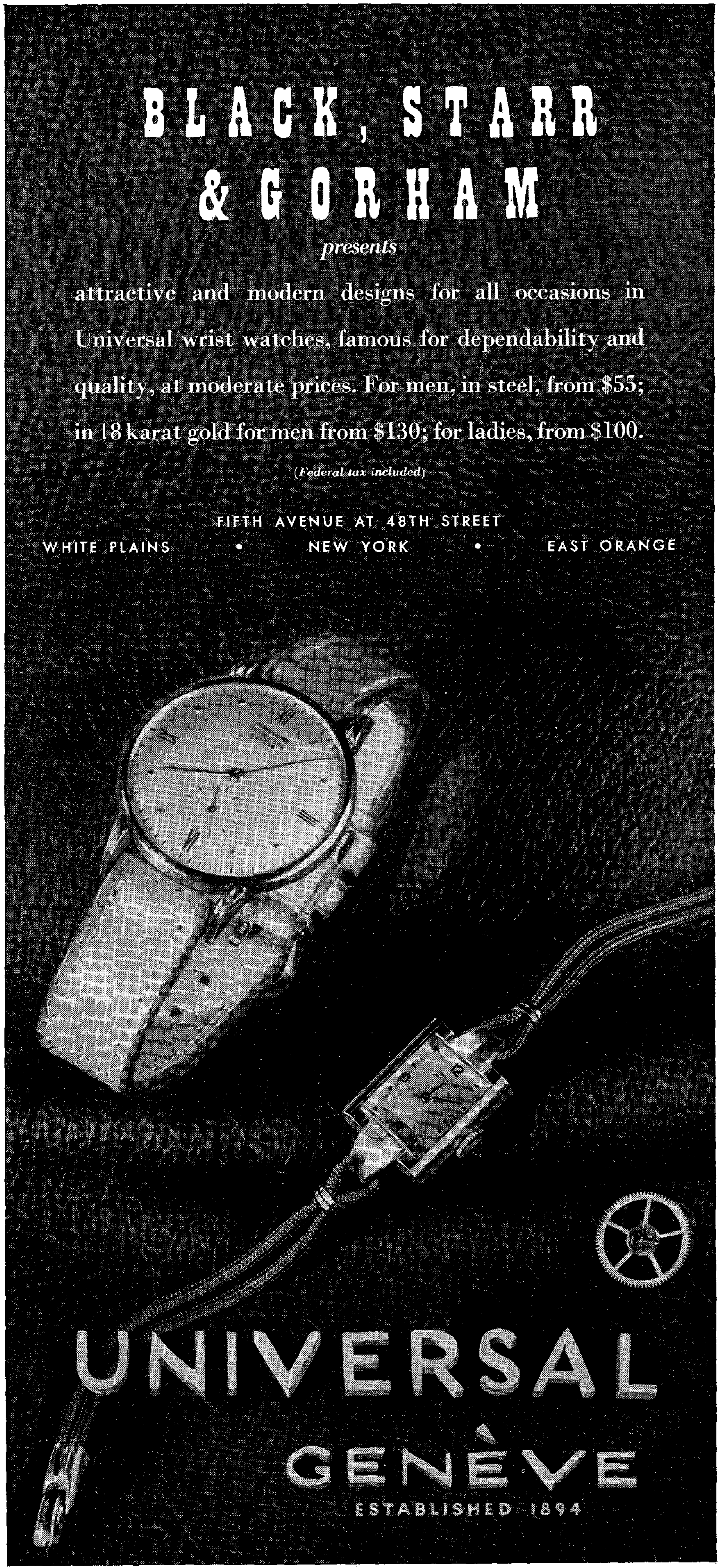
Sullivan's Travels (1942)—Joel McCrea and Veronica Lake in a Preston Sturges comedy. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., April 27-29.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Hitchcock excitement. Madeleine Carroll and Robert Donat. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sat. through Mon., April 24-26.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. on the following schedule—THURS. AND FRI., APRIL 22-23: "David Harum" (1934), Will Rogers. SAT. AND SUN., APRIL 24-25: animated cartoons in color, 1935-41. MON. AND TUES., APRIL 26-27: "Ruggles of Red Gap" (1935), Charles Laughton. WED. AND THURS., APRIL 28-29: "Baboona" (1935), Martin Johnson travel film. FRI. AND SAT., APRIL 30-MAY 1: "Swing Time" (1936), Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Salvage—The need for kitchen fat, which is wanted for the manufacture of explosives, is growing



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

more acute, and officials say they have reason to believe that many people are being lax about saving it. Your neighborhood butcher has been asked by the government to make his shop a receiving centre for whatever fat you can spare. Strain the fat (both the deep-frying kind and pan or broiler drippings are acceptable) into any clean, wide-mouthed can and keep this in a cool place until you have accumulated at least a pound, the smallest amount butchers can be expected to handle. . . . Meanwhile, the New York City Salvage Committee, 122 E. 42nd (MU 3-9669), has started a special drive to collect scrap brass, copper, and bronze. It will send a collector for amounts of twenty-five pounds or more and has arranged with neighborhood grocery shops to provide barrels into which customers may drop smaller amounts. . . . Everyone is expected to go right on saving tin cans. To prepare them, remove the labels and cut out both ends; then wash the cans thoroughly and press them almost flat. Your building superintendent will see that they get into the proper hands.

Women who are lucky enough to have any silk or nylon stockings left should remember that worn-out ones are wanted for the manufacture of gunpowder bags and parachutes, among other things. Most department stores have collection bins at their hosiery counters.

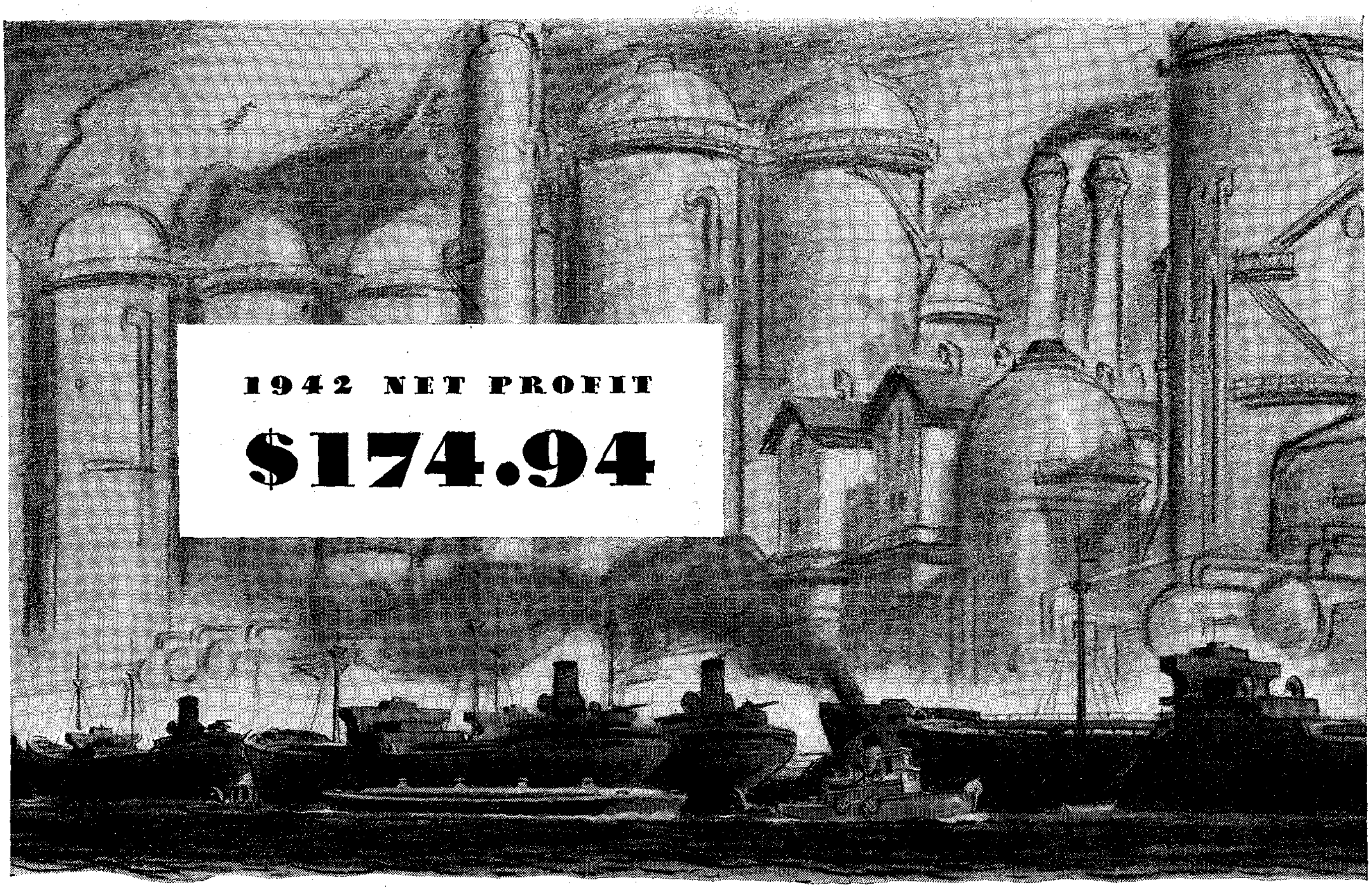
Volunteer Work—Residents of Manhattan who want to help out by taking one of the many hundreds of emergency jobs now open should get in touch with this borough's Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 707 Fifth Ave., at 55th (PL 5-7301), which supervises much of the local volunteer work and can also help civilians sign up with the Red Cross and American Women's Voluntary Services. (The C.D.V.O. phone number in the Bronx is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.)

Some of the most pressing needs right now, not necessarily in order of importance, are for (1) women to serve the Army's Auxiliary Aircraft Warning Service by working five and a half hours two or three days a week or one shift a week from 12 to 8 A.M., plotting the courses of planes spotted by observers in this vicinity; (2) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then work at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (3) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (4) men and women to take a short course of instruction and then act as block-service leaders, visiting twenty families in their neighborhoods at least once every fortnight to explain developments in rationing and salvage; (5) men not immediately subject to the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (6) women to take a two-week part-time training course and then put in at least nine hours a week as Health Department assistants in city schools, nurseries, and other institutions.

People who can't volunteer on a steady basis are urged to register with the C.D.V.O. as spot workers for short-notice jobs.

Suburbs and Country—The setups for volunteering and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most rural communities have some sort of defense agency in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for guidance to the War Council at your county seat.

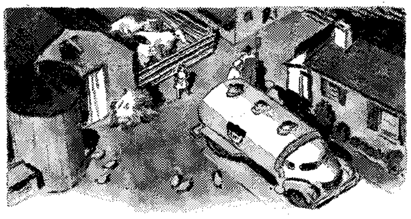
Gifts and Loans—The Red Cross is very much in need of donors to contribute blood to send to field and base hospitals. Anyone wishing to coöperate should call MU 5-6400 for an appointment. . . . The Navy wants to borrow Zeiss, Bausch & Lomb, and Naval Gun Factory binoculars, and the Jockey Club, 250 Park, at 46 (EL 5-6146), is serving as a collection centre for them. If you have any to lend, call the club to see whether yours meet the required specifications. . . . The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), will arrange to call for and distribute any phonographs, phonograph records, radios, athletic paraphernalia, or card tables which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of servicemen. Cigarettes, of course, are always welcome. . . . The Army is looking for dogs weighing fifty pounds or more and from one to five years old to train for sentry, pack, scout, or messenger duty. Owners wishing to donate such animals should get in touch with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6471), to see whether theirs meet the Army's fairly stringent requirements. . . . Russia is badly in need of watches, old or new, for its army, as the factories which used to make them there have been destroyed. If you have any to contribute, send them to the Ambijan Committee for Emergency Aid to the Soviet Union, 285 Madison, at 40th. . . . The Metropolitan Opera Guild is collecting and reconditioning musical instruments to be distributed by the Red Cross to military and naval hospitals in this country. Anyone wishing to contribute an instrument should call RE 4-2410.



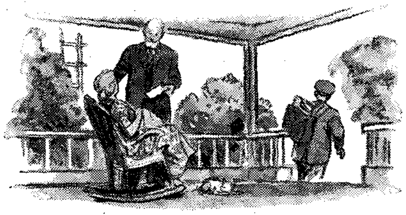
1942 NET PROFIT

$174.94

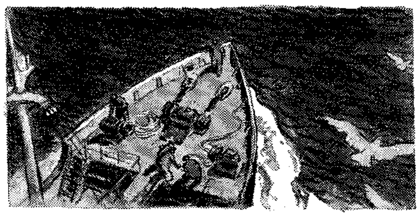
1 Figures can be deceiving. Year after year American corporations get out annual statements which show they earned $1,000,000, $5,000,000, $10,000,000. Then we wonder why people think big business is getting rich. $5,000,000 looks like a whale of a lot of money. It *is.* But what we should explain is that that money is divided among a lot of people.



2 Take Union Oil Company. Last year we made a net profit of $5,537,329. But Union Oil Company is owned by 31,652 stockholders (3,158 of whom are employees). So the year's profits only averaged $174.94 per owner. As a matter of fact, the owners received only $147.42 of that sum in dividends. $27.52 was left in the business.

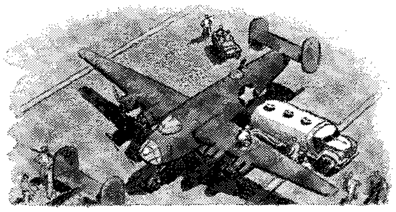


3 Total net profit for 1942 represented a return of 3.8% on the money invested in our company. This bears out statistics which show that big corporations seldom make as much as 10% on capital invested, and most years they make less—particularly during this war. In 1942 our sales were up 23% over 1941, but our net earnings were 11% lower.



4 Hirohito cost us $4,000,000 in wartime plant protection, extra war risk insurance, war-bonus pay to our tanker crews, etc. He also sank one of our tankers. We don't begrudge the money. It's little enough when our youngsters are giving their lives. But it would be nice if the next squadron to bomb Tokio did it on Union 100 octane gasoline.

5 Our income taxes are up, just as yours are. In fact we've provided 85% more money for these taxes than last year. In 1942, all taxes paid averaged $695 per stockholder-owner. We raised our employees' wages, too—to compensate for increased living costs. So in 1942, our 8,192 employees earned $20,707,000 averaging $211 per employee, per month.

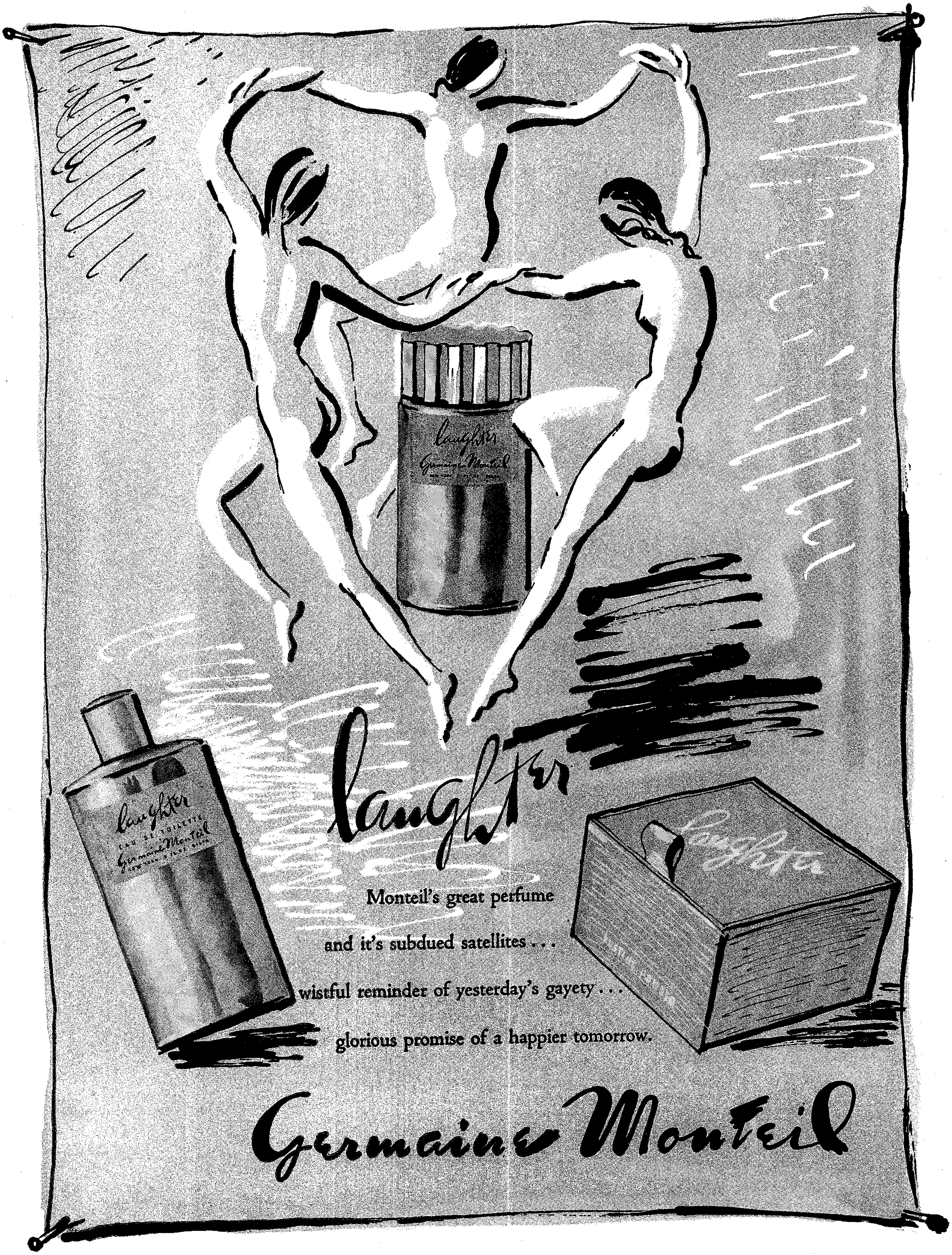


6 But the figures that count are products we furnished the armed forces. Gasoline deliveries to the Government were up 104%, fuel oil deliveries 162%. To us, that means more than anything else. For 2,550 of our own men have gone off to this war, and until they come back, winning it is the most important job left for those of us who are still here.

UNION OIL COMPANY

OF CALIFORNIA

This is the first of a series of ads designed to give you a better understanding of the Union Oil Company. Those desiring more complete information may write for our formal Annual Report which we will gladly furnish on request. Address the President, Union Oil Company of California, Union Oil Bldg., Los Angeles.


laughter
laughter Germaine Monteil
laughter EAU DE TOILETTE Germaine Monteil
laughter
laughter
Germaine Monteil

Monteil's great perfume
and it's subdued satellites . . .
wistful reminder of yesterday's gayety . . .
glorious promise of a happier tomorrow.

THE NEW YORKER

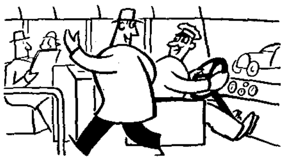
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

NOTE FOR THE SECOND VOLUME OF AN ENCYCLOPEDIA: A completely frustrated citizen in Cleveland went to probate court and had his surname changed from Byba to Yawt.

SHRILL, SUSTAINED NOTE: Saks-Fifth Avenue, with its usual timeliness, is selling silver-plated whistles suitable for a lady's purse. Just ask for a Mugging Whistle.

THE transportation shortage has produced a wild, poetic jubilance in the few remaining operators of public conveyances. One day last week we ran for a bus as it was pulling away and managed to catch it only because of the courtesy of the driver, who stopped and reopened the door for us. We thanked him, muttering that we were particularly grateful for his waiting, since buses run so seldom these days. "Well," he said, cocking a merry eye at us, "seldom seen is much admired."



ARRIVING early for an appointment with our astrologer the other day, we discovered in his lobby the recent issue of *Life* that was devoted entirely to an explanation of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, and before long we found ourself staring at it in fascination. The idea of a weekly magazine, however august, attempting to compress the doings of a country 6,500 miles wide (pop. 193,000,000) into the pages of a single issue completely mesmerized us. The studious contemplation of charts (Russia has a 61,000,000,000-barrel oil reserve) and generalizations (all Russians live on swine tushonka) left us light-headed, like someone who had just flunked the *Times* history quiz. We think, though, that we finally found the key to the soul of our ally, toward the last page, in the text of a small picture caption, neatly pruned to end flush with the margin. We quote a line from it for the benefit of working statesmen, here and abroad, who even now, for all we know, may be poring assiduously over *Life's* pages. The line reads, "Every park of rest and culture features a shooting gallery." Gentlemen, you can throw the rest of the compilation away.

"VARIETY," which can be counted on for a surprise or so every week, has just printed two highly piquant items about the Columbia Broadcasting System. The entire personnel is now taking vitamin tablets daily, at the company's expense, and the head of the publicity department has advised his staff to read the Book of Ruth, "for beauty of phrasing, clarity, and colorful expression." It's easy to predict the outcome of all this. You get a bright-eyed radio man, all hopped up with vitamins, skimming through the Book of Ruth's domestic disasters, and the result is, inevitably, another soap opera. What will Ruth's mother-in-law think of the handsome stranger she met in the cornfield? Be sure to tune in tomorrow at the same time, and until then remember that nothing on earth can make those great, fat hands of yours attractive.

OUR discovery, at 10:22 last Friday morning, that Dorothy Lamour is now related by marriage to General MacArthur didn't make the forenoon go any easier for us. Caught in the tedious processes of our thought, we stumbled along till lunchtime, repeating the tangled rune "Dorothy Lamour's husband's first wife was Douglas MacArthur's first wife's daughter." At intervals we would vary it, and the office boy, coming into our room, would find us mumbling, "General MacArthur's ex-wife's daughter was Dottie Lamour's second husband's first wife." Such a train of thought—one of those long, noisy freights that pass interminably along the mind's right of way—is an extremely troublesome thing in midmorning. The cars rattle on with merciless monotony. From such a train of thought the only escape, really, is to throw yourself across the tracks and allow yourself to be cut in two.

Another difficulty was that we began wondering what sort of contretemps might result from the sudden intertwining, in the curious coils of ex-marriage, of the No. 1 pin-up girl with the No. 1 tack-up general. Being even remotely related to the Lady of the Sarong is enough to make a man uneasy, even a man with MacArthur's heavy responsibilities.

A LOCAL watch company has offered a prize of $2,500 in War Bonds for the best guess as to the precise day, hour, and minute we will defeat Germany. Our own estimate, which we are here submitting, is exactly 8 P.M., April 3, 1944. We arrived at this prediction by what we consider almost infallible reasoning. Eight P.M. this last April 3rd was a significant moment; it was then that the first news cable was sent from Europe containing the rumor that the Germans had finally succeeded in cracking the atom and finding a way to utilize its enormous destructive power. Ever since the war began, we have been expecting some fool newspaperman to fill in a dull day with that rumor, and we have been convinced that once he did, the war would be over in a year, that being the time required for our own experts to get worried, roll up their sleeves, sit down to work, and really crack the damn thing.

Rationed Circus

THE circus will serve as a good enough index of how much tougher this war is than the last one. In 1917 and 1918 the combined management of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey operated two shows, each of which toured in a ninety-car train. This year the circus has been whittled down to one seventy-car train, which is twenty cars shorter than normal, and to a mileage less than half that of normal times. One-night stands are out, and the big cities are to be played for all they're worth—New York gets six weeks instead of four, Boston and Philadelphia two instead of one, and so on. Surprisingly, it wasn't hard to weed twenty carloads of equipment out of the Big Show without leaving any noticeable gap. The tent-cooling equipment was left behind; that's three cars right there. So were a number of the duller menagerie animals, including a pregnant giraffe which was in no condition to travel, war or no war. Most of the mammoth floats have been eliminated; in their place the management is using things like long trains of cloth hitched to the elephants' howdahs and supported by pretty girls walking behind—floatlike, and highly compressible.

There's a severe shortage of roustabouts, riggers, and other behind-the-scenes characters. Six hundred men who have travelled with the circus for years are now in the armed forces or doing war work, leaving only three hundred experienced workers. They are getting by with the job in New York, but recruiting for the road has got to a point where the circus has a couple of agents around town, handing out cards extolling circus life. "Good Pay—Good Eats—Good Lodgings," the cards say, adding in boldface, "Winter in Florida." The roster of the performers is largely intact, most of them being family men. Akimoto, the Japanese tightrope-walker, is living in Florida, at the circus's winter quarters, and he will not appear this year; he's a British subject, as it happens, but it would be too much trouble to explain it all. A couple of the Flying Concellos are waiting for the draft axe to fall. The saddest loss is that of a number of midget clowns who took war jobs last year, doing riveting inside airplane wings, and got frozen. Practically everybody now in the circus is doing two jobs. Performers, ticket men, and roustabouts all turned out to help paint and freshen up the equipment this spring. Carl Wallenda, in addition to doing all that stuff with the kitchen chair and the bicycle, is supervising the rigging of the various high-wire acts, along with a fellow named Torrence, of Victoria & Torrence, another aerial act; the old head riggers are in the Army.

The problem of handling the ration points for 1,487 people who eat three meals a day on the road will certainly be an interesting one, the circus people told us; they're just as curious as we are about how they'll make out. The personnel has turned its individual ration books over to the commissary, but there's some chance the circus will be judged eligible for an institutional rationing license, such as hospitals and jails get. The cook tent is going to use fresh vegetables as much as possible, if anybody can figure out a way to shell peas, for example, for 1,487 people. The animals are eating just as much, though possibly not quite so well, as in past years. It's strictly horse meat now. As for the traditional circus refreshments, we learn that pink lemonade will be plentiful, but there will be a good deal less frozen custard and candy floss. All in all, it could be much worse.

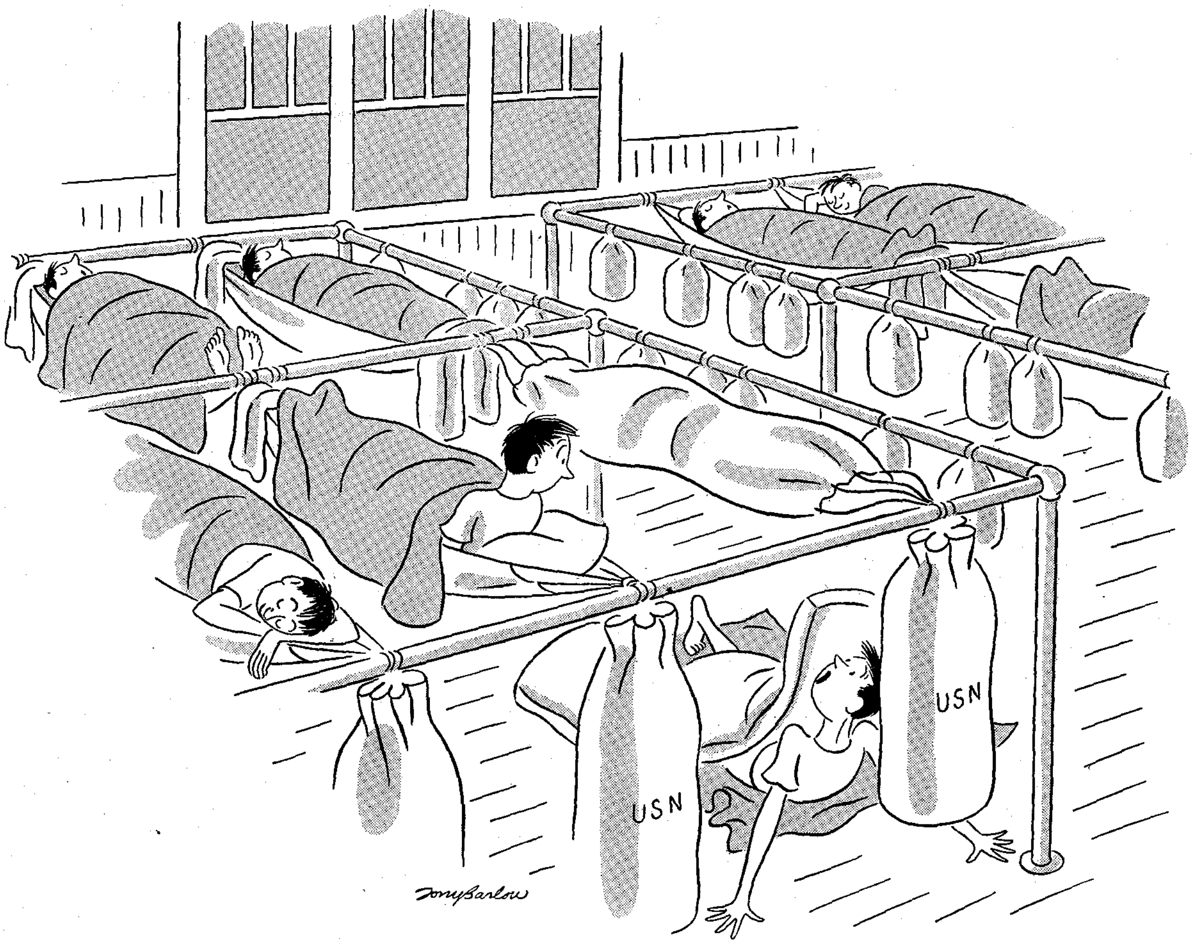
Weird

TWO ladies boarded an office-building elevator we were in, one of them radiating the smug satisfaction that comes of being the bearer of astonishing tidings, the other gasping with wonder. "Well, now, isn't that just the most amazing thing you ever heard of!" the wonderstruck one exclaimed. "Why, it's positively enough to make you believe in coincidences."

Old Song

THAT sad little song "As Time Goes By," which had a mild vogue in the *boîtes* back in 1931, is, of course, the same "As Time Goes By" that you hear these days whenever you turn on the radio, and the nostalgia is already wearing kind of thin. Anyway, nostalgia is inconsistent with sheet-music sales of over three hundred thousand copies and second place in the "Hit Parade," which is what "A. T. G. B." has achieved since it was revived in the film "Casablanca." We have just talked to Herman Hupfeld, who wrote the words and music and who can hardly believe his good luck. Mr. Hupfeld, a tall, white-haired, utterly frank man, told us that in its first phase the number had only a critical success and wasn't a money-maker; not only that, but he went into an inexplicable decline right after composing it and passed upward of a decade in a state of suspended animation, with nothing between him and the bread line but a couple of apartment houses he happened to own. While revenue from apartments is all very well in its way, a composer who had written such solid hits as "Sing Something Simple," "When Yuba Plays the Rhumba on the Tuba," and "Let's Put Out the Lights and Go to Sleep" would naturally be unhappy unless he could write *more* hits. Hupfeld feels that he is about to get back in the old groove. "This has taken ten years off my age and added ten years to my checking account," he said exuberantly.

Hupfeld remembers clearly the early days of his now-popular number. He took it first to Beatrice Lillie, who told him it wasn't just her sort of thing but that she liked it so well she'd advance him a hundred dollars on it. "Then the most farcical circumstance happened," he recalled. "I happened to play it for Harold Arlen, and he nearly fainted. He said, 'It's exactly what we need for Frances Williams—we've got to, got to, *got* to have it!' So I rushed back to Bea, and she was sweet as cream. She said, 'But, darling, of *course* take it back.' So I returned the hundred and the song went into 'Everybody's Welcome' and stopped the show every night. They hollered and screamed. They just simply hollered and screamed,



"Gosh! I must of dozed off."

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and it stopped the show." Skipping to the song's current revival, Hupfeld told us that he first learned of its being in "Casablanca" from a girl he knows, a tenant in one of his apartment buildings. She read about it in a movie magazine at her hairdresser's. Hupfeld is glad that the movie company negotiated with the publisher instead of with himself, because he feels that he was thus spared some mental anguish. "You know Max Steiner," he told us, quite inaccurately. "Even if he's crazy mad in love with a number he says, 'This is terrible. This is among the ten worst things I have ever heard. Phooey, take it away and bury it in an elephant's grave.' I'd have come down with the screemy-meemy groo-groos before the negotiations were finished."

The popularity of "As Time Goes By" is strictly a gift from heaven as far as the record companies are concerned, too. They can't make recordings of new tunes, because they're deadlocked with the musicians' union about its demand for royalties instead of flat payments on recording jobs. However, nothing prevents the reissue of an old recording, and you can now buy Jacques Renard and Rudy Vallée renditions of Hupfeld's chef-d'œuvre. Meanwhile, Hupfeld is being solicited right and left by publishers and thinks he has a good nibble from a theatrical producer. It's all rather wonderful.

The End

FOURTEEN is the age when literary enthusiasm is strongest and literary standards are the severest. It was a girl of this magic age who approached an attendant in an uptown branch of the Public Library with the remark that she had been thinking she might as well turn in her card. "I love good books," she said, "and I'd welcome suggestions about new ones, if there are any, but I've read everything Albert Payson Terhune ever wrote."

Before and After

PERHAPS you've occasionally been puzzled, as we have been, by the aerial photographs released to the newspapers as evidence that Allied bombers have flattened out this or that enemy installation or munitions factory. To the untrained eye the "after" pictures frequently look just about the same as the "before" ones; maybe a little smudgier, that's all. Well, the whole thing has been cleared up for us by an obliging R.A.F. man, Flight Lieutenant L. A. T. Ballard, whom we met up at the Museum of Modern Art, at the formal opening of the Museum's current exhibition of reconnaissance photography of damage done by the R.A.F. (modern art, all right). Ballard explained first that the newspaper reader has two strikes on him because of the two-dimensional character of the picture and the coarseness of the "screen"—the dots which make up the engraving; reconnaissance officers use a stereoscopic device to help them get perspective. This way, in a photograph taken thirty thousand feet, or six miles, up, they can distinguish trains, trolley cars, and even people.

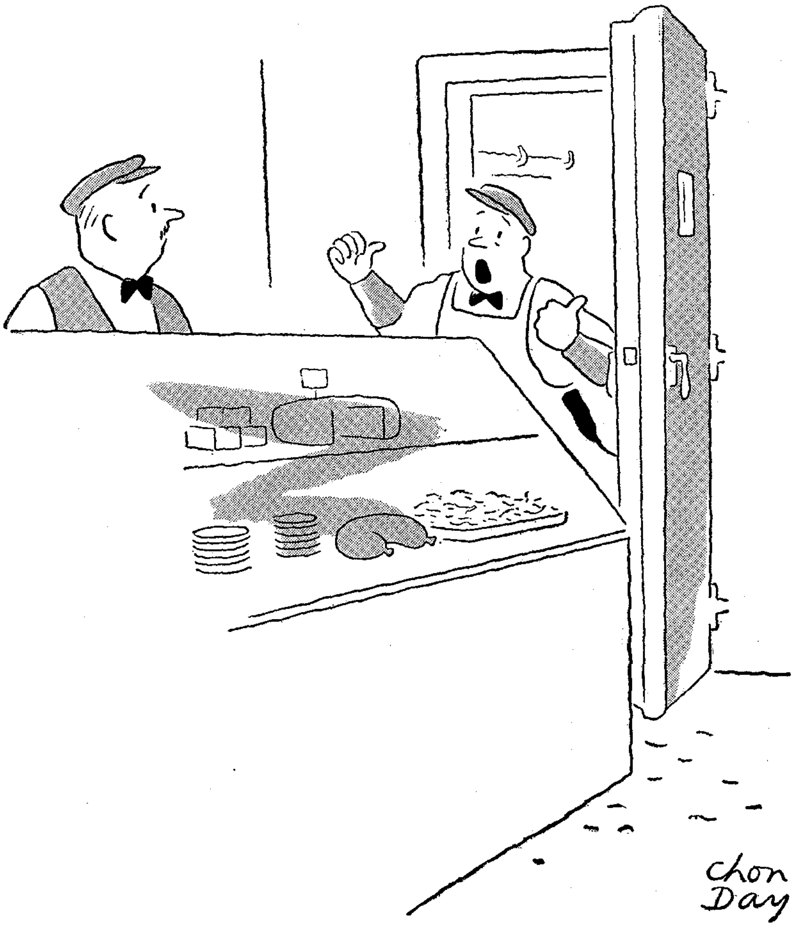
We gathered from Ballard that the knack of wringing all possible information from an aerial photograph would be something we, for instance, couldn't acquire in a single afternoon, even if we had access to the secret equipment used in the work. We picked up a few hints, though. For instance, a whitish patch in a photograph of a bombed city means that high explosives have landed there. The explanation of this is simple: the explosion creates millions of tiny, clean new surfaces and these reflect an unusual amount of light. Damage by incendiaries, on the other hand, shows up darker than the surrounding area and burned-out buildings look like open boxes, or honeycombs. A conclusive method of detecting damage by fire, Ballard told us, is to locate a street on the photograph and follow it along until you see what looks like a row of regularly spaced white dots on the pavements. This effect is created by sunlight coming through windows from inside a house onto a shady street, which indicates that the house hasn't any roof left. Simple.

Using a photograph of the bombed regions of Düsseldorf, Ballard showed us how to measure the size of a damaged area. All you have to do is pick out something familiar whose size you know—a railroad car, an automobile, or whatnot—and work out your scale from its length. In the absence of railroad cars or automobiles, Air Corps officers get the same result by a little mathematical juggling with the height from which the photograph was taken and the focal length of the lens used. As for estimating the effectiveness of a raid, you use the brains God gave you. Ballard pointed out, for example, that in a picture of Genoa made after an R.A.F. raid, there were a lot of people walking about but no trolley cars. The conclusion is obvious: the powerhouse is out of commission. This discovery was important not because it indicated that the Genoese had to walk to work for a week or so but because it meant that the cranes and other heavy equipment used in loading ships would also be stopped and the convoys for Africa delayed.

As a rule, the reconnaissance photographs are taken the day after a raid. Following the thousand-plane raid on Cologne, though, they couldn't take any pictures for a week, there was so much smoke over the city. This is apparently the classic raid of the war to date. Ballard told us that the areas of total devastation added up to almost a square mile. The photographs show that the cathedral was not destroyed and that only a corner suffered damage from an incendiary. The photographs of the area surrounding the big Cologne rubber factory, the Kölnische Gummifaden Fabrik, puzzled the English reconnaissance people for a time; finally they figured out that a block-buster had blown all the Gummifaden straight up through the roof of the Fabrik.

Too Late

A FELLOW named Ary van Son, the chief engineer on one of the Netherlands liners now in the service of the United Nations, was recently made a member of the Order of the British Empire in recognition of certain heroic acts at sea. Well, an official of the Holland-America Line was naturally interested in the news, and checked by telephone with the British Consulate. During a conversation with a consular young lady, it emerged that the citation was made out in the name of Monsieur Ary van Son. "That should be 'Mijnheer,' not 'Monsieur,'" the Holland-America man said. "After all, he's a Dutchman." "Oh dear," the lady said, in clipped accents. "It's all typed now."

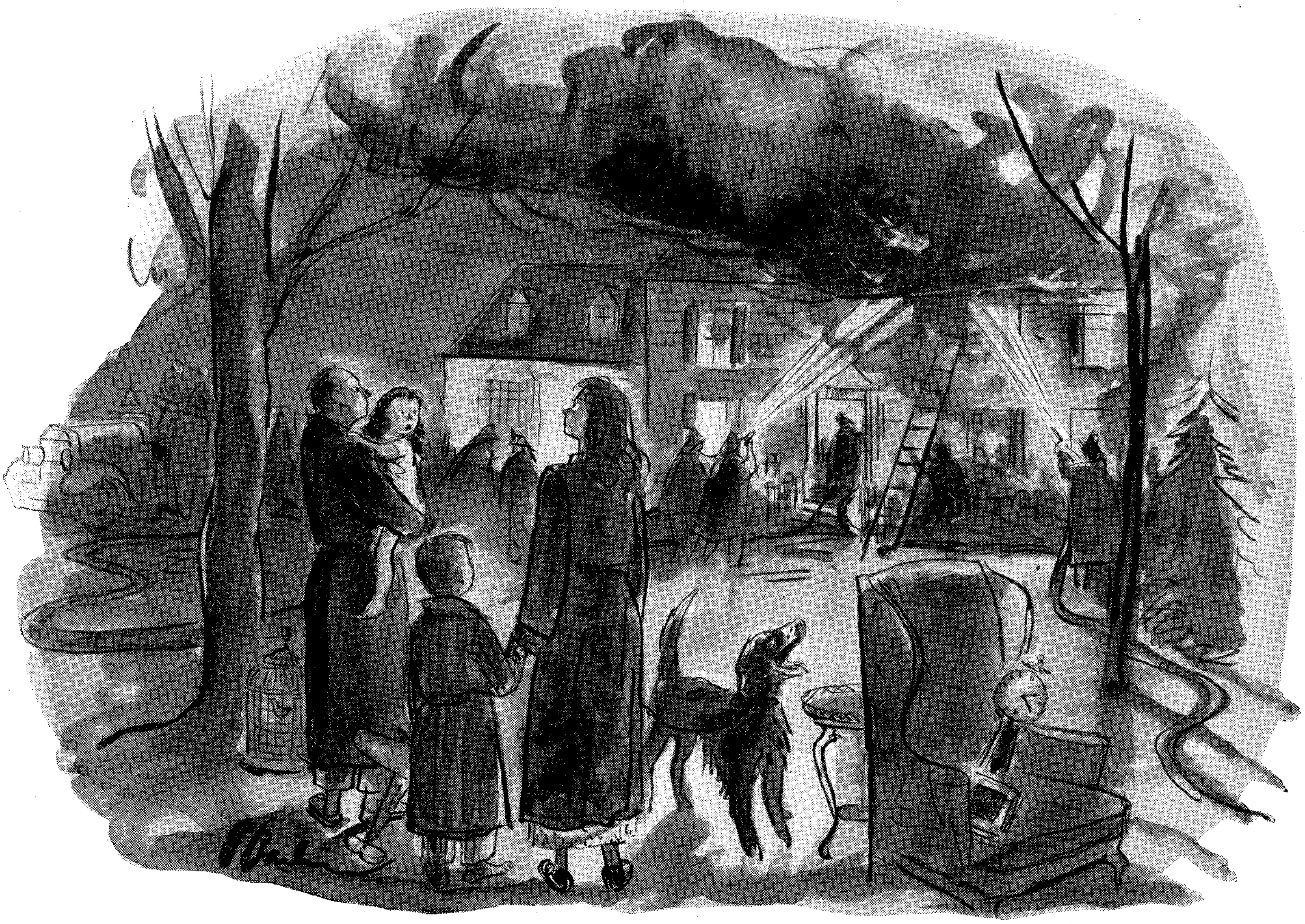


"Mr. Tarpy! The T-bone steak—it's gone!"

J. Watts

J. Watts is a name honorably established in the horse-racing records of the eighteen-eighties and eighteen-nineties. He was the winning jockey four times in the Epsom Derby, the Oaks, and the One Thousand Guineas; five times in the St. Leger Stakes; twice in the Cambridgeshire Stakes and the Two Thousand Guineas. He also won the Jockey Club and the Sandown Eclipse Stakes, the Manchester and the Ascot Cups, the Prix du Conseil Municipal at Longchamps, the Prix du Jockey Club at Chantilly, the Grand Allah at Calcutta, and the Bombay Jockey Club Cup, as well as purses in Moscow, St. Petersburg, Odessa, Kiev, Baden-Baden, Singapore, Buenos Aires, and Rio de Janeiro. Now for the payoff: If you should drop into the Park Lane Cafeteria, at Fifty-seventh Street and Sixth Avenue, for a sandwich and a cup of coffee, your spoonful of sugar would be doled out to you by J. Watts. J. Watts is a tough, jug-eared fellow of seventy-something and still unmistakably of the race track; probably it's his clothing, which is well tailored but horsy.

We can't remember anybody whose life history has delighted us more. J. Watts was born in Manhattan, in a part of South Street called Shanty Town. This was around the time they started to build Brooklyn Bridge. As a boy, he used to ride bareback on the big dray horses that went along his street. One day he saw a gentleman's carriage left unattended. He unhitched one of the horses and went for a canter, and, while hitching the horse again, was surprised by the owner of the carriage, who was more amused than angry. Matter of fact, he rather liked the way Watts handled the horse, and, since he was O. H. P. Belmont, this meant something. In no time at all Watts was on the Belmont farm, in Kentucky, where, along with fifty other likely lads, he studied horses and riding from every possible angle. After two years of this, as Watts still weighed less than a hundred pounds, Belmont's trainers reported



"*Mummy, can I have a drink of water?*"

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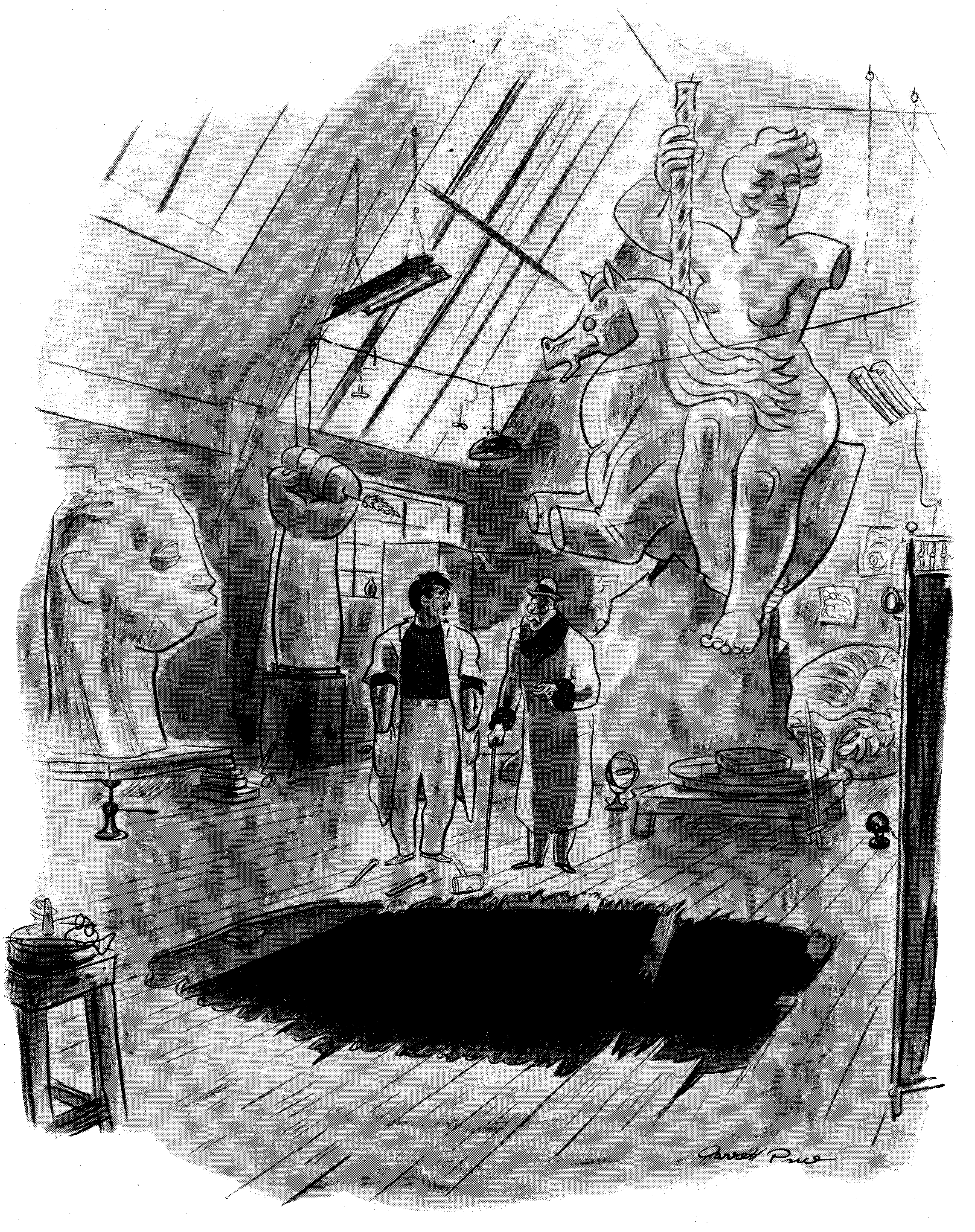
that the boy was ready for promotion. By way of apprenticeship he was given a month's intensive drill in table manners, at a table elaborately set with linen, a silver service, and dummy food. Then Belmont brought him to New York, put him up at the Hoffman House, and set him to work as an exercise boy at a stable near an old local track called the Speedway.

What Belmont had had in mind for Watts was racing in England, and after gravely testing his ability to travel across water by taking him several times to Staten Island, Belmont sent him to London, where he stayed at the Savoy and was elaborately outfitted; Watts remembers that among the items in his wardrobe were a silk hat, a cane, and a cape with a lining of white silk. He rode for Belmont and for various other owners. One of them took him on a tour of India and Australia. After returning to England, he piled up such an impressive string of victories that he was engaged by the Prince of Wales (later Edward VII) to ride the Prince's horse Persimmon in the Derby of 1896. Watts won his race, giving Edward the satisfaction of being the first Prince of Wales to own a Derby winner in over a hundred years. Edward threw a banquet at the Savoy to celebrate this and asked Watts to ride Persimmon into the banquet room. Watts said no. We got the impression that he thought the Prince pretty wild, as of course he was.

Later Watts rode for Kaiser Wilhelm, for whom he won races in France, Germany, and Russia, and then went to South America, which he remembers as a country full of rich people. "Some of those ladies were *hobbled* with rocks," he told us. For a while he leased a house at Stockbridge, near Epsom Downs. He had thirty acres and about half that number of servants, but the loneliness got him and he gave the place up. "After all," he said, "I couldn't ask King Edward to come down for Sunday dinner." Then a bad spill in Australia put Watts out of racing, and the end of the story is the conventional one: he just couldn't hang onto his dough. He is now writing his autobiography with the help of a friend, and we should think it's a dead cinch for a movie sale.

Household Crisis

THE leading grocer in our neighborhood was telling us the other day that his calling, like that of the physician, involves tolerance, understanding, and the ability to deal with emotional emergencies. Like for instance a lady called up the other day and in a tense voice demanded immediate delivery of some assorted nuts. Speaking calmly and in an impersonal, professional tone, our grocer inquired, "For what purpose was you planning to use the nuts, Madam?" "To get a squirrel out of my piano!" the lady replied. "Hurry up!" The grocer went around himself with half a pound of mixed nuts, and, sure enough, there was a badly rattled squirrel hiding in the piano. They got him out by laying a trail of nuts over to an open window. Just goes to show, as the grocer remarked.


Garrett Price

"It would have been the most ambitious thing I'd ever done."

1776—AND ALL THAT

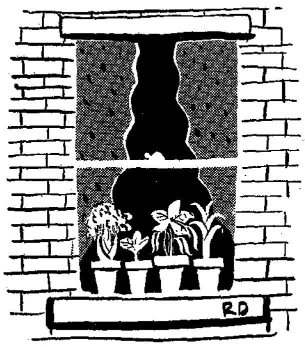
EVERYBODY must know by this time that the freshmen in our colleges and universities do not know anything about the history or the geography of the United States. The revelation that the boys and girls have no idea where they are or who's in charge or what happened was given to the already heavily burdened nation in a recent article in the Sunday *Times*. It all began when the publisher of the *Times*, in a depressed mood, scribbled a memo to his editors: "Have idea nobody knows anything. Find out." The well-oiled machinery of the great newspaper began to move, and in a short time an examination in American history was given to seven thousand freshmen in thirty-six institutions of learning all over the country.

I have neither the strength nor the inclination to set down here all the examples of ignorance and misinformation which the lugubrious test brought to light, but for the purposes of this article it will be helpful to list a few. The young men and women of the United States, then, believe that the three martyred Presidents were Benjamin Harrison, Grover Cleveland, and Warren G. Harding. They think that Congress authorized the white people of the South to lynch Negroes and that the first railroad began to operate either in 1941 or in 1610. They identify Walt Whitman as a band-leader, William James as a lone cowboy, and Charles W. Eliot as the author of "Silas Marner." They contend that there was no President of the United States in 1812, that Portland, Oregon, is on Long Island Sound, that Oregon is directly south of Georgia, and that Idaho was one of the thirteen original states. According to the flower of our youth, Lincoln was not President during the Civil War and the real name of Samuel Gompers was either S. Goeppers, Samuel Goebbels, Sam Grumpers, Sol Gomphers, or Samuel Goobles. This is enough to give you an idea if you missed the report in the *Times*.

Eminent educators, advised by *Times* reporters of the dolorous results of the history exam and asked for comment, adopted an attitude of tired resignation. The profound ignorance of the future United States senators and their wives did not, the educators said, surprise them. They offered no plan for sharpening the comprehension of the youngsters or for rehabilitating the demoralized educational system of the country. Or, if they did, I didn't see it. If the educators have given up, it is an understandable surrender. They have been through a lot in recent years. Henry Morton Robinson's survey called "Fantastic Interim" reminds us that in the period between Versailles and Pearl Harbor, the students of America were more interested in swallowing goldfish, sitting in trees, and playing knock, knock than in mastering the Wilmot Proviso and the Dred Scott Decision.[*]

But is this, one asks oneself, a time for surrender? With another normalcy in prospect after the present war, should not something be done to make the study of history and geography more attractive to the future rulers of the Republic? In the event of an invasion of the country in the years to come, a prevailing notion that George Washington is still President or that St. Louis is on the Hudson River would, to put it mildly, be likely to handicap our war effort.

THE problem is a magnificent one, and I don't want you to jump to the conclusion that I am leading up to some facile solution of it. In spite of a great deal of intensive thought on the subject, during the course of which I suspected more than once that I was going crazy, I regret to say that I have scarcely scratched the surface. I am not sure that the enterprise is up, as the saying goes, my alley. I have my moments of dejection, when I feel that the people will probably turn to the Robert A. Taft[†] report instead of mine. I haven't seen the Taft report, but I can prefigure it; it will place the blame for the intellectual bankruptcy of youth squarely where it belongs, on the shoulders of Franklin Roosevelt. My own purpose is not to assign responsibility for the deplorable state of affairs but to find out, if possible, what can be done about it.



I began with the ambitious but, I soon realized, impracticable idea of devising, for the geographies used in our schools, a new kind of map of the United States. This map was to be the exact size and shape of a goldfish. When the student opened his geography, the map would have popped up. This textbook, of a convenient size, suitable for carrying up into a tree, was also to contain pop-ups of the Presidents. You will say, at this point, that the college freshmen shown us in the *Times* survey would not be interested in the Presidents even if they did pop up. I thought of that. I decided to have each President pop up alongside one of the figures which other surveys have proved our young people *are* interested in: George Washington with Superman, John Adams with Buck Rogers, Thomas Jefferson with Red Ryder, John Quincy Adams with the Lone Ranger, James Madison with Dick Tracy, James Monroe with Captain Midnight, and so on.

The chief flaw in my little solution of our educational problem lies in the fact that it is anchored to the fads and frenzies of the past. There is no reason to believe that our youth of the present day would be bemused by the goldfish motif or by a book designed to be read in a tree. It is also possible that the pop-up craze is on the way out, and that even Superman and his colleagues may not exercise their peculiar spell forever. This leaves us, then, just where we were, except that the suggestion of a physical change in our geography and history books may inspire some more inventive and persistent mind than my own. I tire rather easily nowadays.

Although I abandoned the pop-up system of education, for the reasons I have outlined, I was convinced that, in principle, I was on the right track. We must interest our children in the story and the shape of God's country by correlating—if not, indeed, intertwining—their studies with some subject or other to which they are not completely antipathetic. This project presented, at first blush, a fairly imposing problem in itself. Several parents of college fresh-

[*] The Wilmot Proviso gave the citizens of California the right to lynch white people.

The Dred Scott Decision gave Scott, author of "The Star-Spangled Banner," the right to change his name to Stephen Foster, after his father, Winfield Scott, assassinated Franklin Pierce.

Versailles was the summer home of Dolly Mathewson.

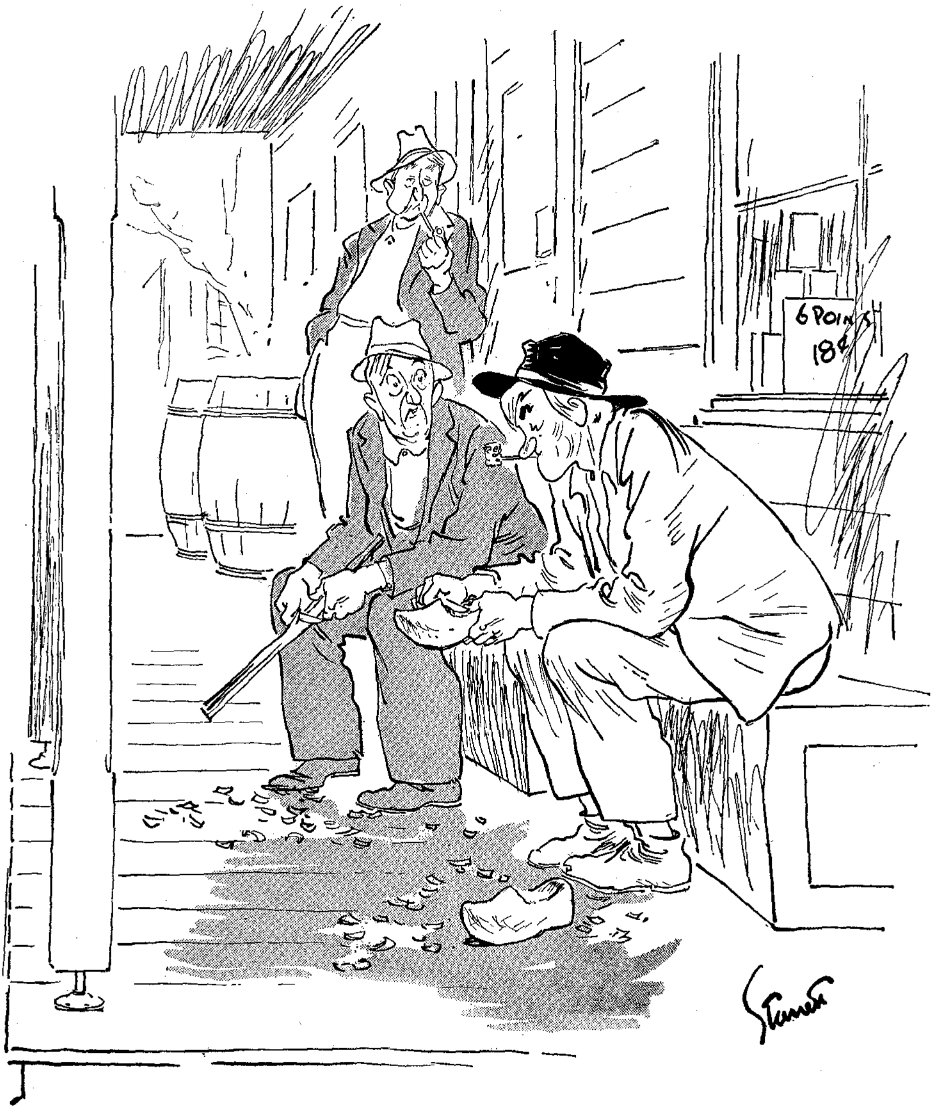
Pearl Harbor is, of course, the well-known movie actress, in private life Pearl Bergoff.

[†] The Idaho senator who caught Elmer Davis in the act of seizing the country's major radio networks while America slept.

men, whom I interviewed over the phone, told me their children were not interested in anything, and hung up. One high-school senior, whom I interrogated as to his predilections, admitted that outside of a desire to break the yo-yo record there was really nothing he cared much about. Such blank walls are, of course, encountered by every researcher. Refusing to admit defeat in so important a field of endeavor, I decided to make a list of the pastimes and pursuits for which, my own observations had taught me, our young men and women have a definite fondness. The list, I regret to say, can scarcely be called encouraging. *In toto* it reads as follows: movies, popular music, sports, night clubs, Cuba libres, dancing, gin rummy, gambling, and sex. After I had set these items down and examined them, I took eight grains of luminal and went to bed.

IN the morning I began to cross off the palpably impracticable items on my list, a task which remains the only easy factor connected with my self-imposed preoccupation. The difficulty of correlating, much less intertwining, James Buchanan with sex, William Howard Taft with dancing, or Abraham Lincoln with night clubs was, on the face of it, overwhelming. The connection between William McKinley and the Cuba libre is, of course, purely factitious, and would serve only to confuse the student.

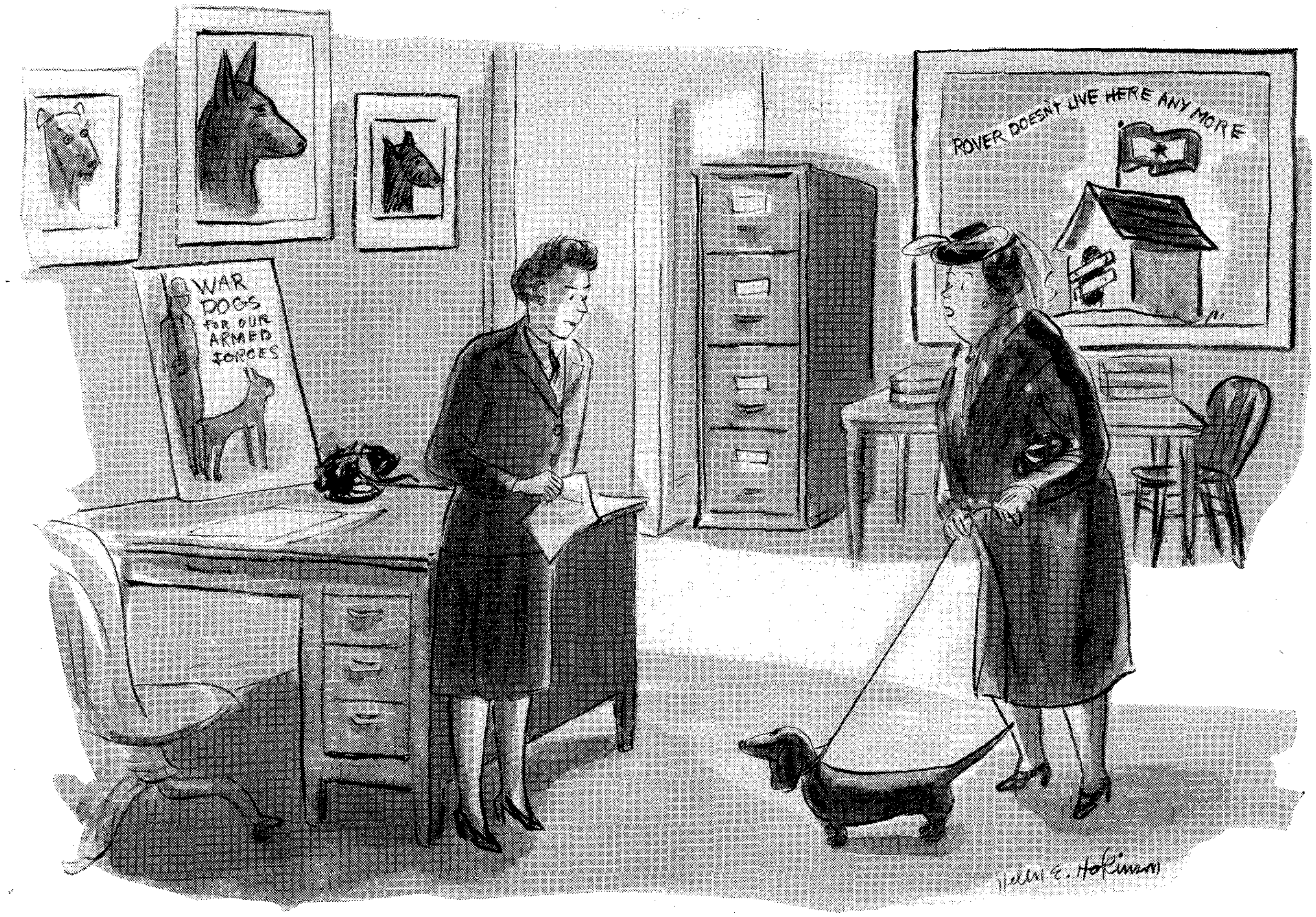
There remained in the end only movies, sports and games, and popular music to work with. I set about devising a dice game, using a map of the United States instead of a parcheesi board. If I were twenty years younger, I could probably have made something out of this idea, but I must confess, in all candor, that it got me down. I let yellow counters represent the Lewis and Clark Expedition, black counters the Forty-niners, white counters the Donner Party, red counters the Mormons, blue counters Rogers and his Rangers, green counters the settlers of the Western Reserve, gray counters the Homesteaders, orange counters Custer's Seventh Cavalry, and violet counters the builders of the Union Pacific. At this point I was forced to introduce four more dice into the game, so that it was possible to throw anything from 6 to 36. The rules which I set down for the game (called, quite simply, "The History and Geography of the United States") ran to eighteen single-spaced typewritten pages. To my chagrin, I discovered, in playing a practice game, that it was possible, by a certain throw of the dice and the proper movement of the counters, to defeat Zachary Taylor at Buena Vista, resell Louisiana to France, and send Mabel Walker Willebrandt to the Supreme Court. The game would have set education in the United States back another fifty years. I wrapped it up and sent it to a great-uncle of mine in Ohio, who has voted for Grover Cleveland in the last twelve Presidential elections, and turned to the only things that were left to me—the movies and popular music.



THE movies and popular music, without question the two greatest enthusiasms of our young people, have probably done more than anything else to bring about the chaotic mess exposed by the *Times*. If the students believe, and I'm pretty sure they do, that Henry Stanley, inventor of the electric light, came upon Dr. Livingstone quite by accident while looking for the Northwest Passage, it is plainly the fault of M-G-M, who cast Spencer Tracy for the parts of Stanley, Major Rogers, and Thomas Alva Edison in rapid and bewildering succession. I see no way of resolving the havoc the movie men have wrought. I see no way of converting the movies, under their present setup, into a solid and consistent instrument for the education of our boys and girls in any subject. Let us simply say the hell with the movies, then, and turn our attention to popular music.

American popular music, for the most part, may be roughly divided into two general classes: songs which recite the distress of separated lovers and those which extoll the praises of various cities, rivers, and states of the Union. The composers of the lyrics of this second class of songs have done as much as anybody to add to the prevailing body of misinformation.

I'm not going to attempt to cover the whole field of popular American geographical songs, from "On the Banks of the Wabash" to "Idaho," because it would not be, as the reviewers say,


WAR DOGS FOR OUR ARMED FORCES
ROVER DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANY MORE

"I thought perhaps he'd be good for crawling under things."

• •

rewarding, and because you haven't got all day. We can prove the contribution which this music has made to the existing confusion by examining only one song, "Chattanooga Choo Choo."[‡] The lyrics of this "Hit Parade" favorite of a season or so ago relates how a young man takes a train from New York City to Chattanooga, Tennessee, in order to meet a girl dressed in satin and lace, with whom he intends to spend the rest of his life. We learn that this train leaves the Pennsylvania Station at a quarter to four and proceeds directly to Baltimore. Approximately fourteen hours later, or at breakfast time, the train is in Carolina. Shortly after the young man has finished his ham and eggs, he is choo-chooed into Chattanooga. As a matter of fact, trains avoid Carolina, reaching Tennessee by way of Virginia and West Virginia.

Many other examples could be cited to support the unquestionable fact that poetic license, which, in the case of lyricists, consists mainly of an unbridled desire to rhyme "Carolina" with "finer," has helped mightily to kick geography into a cocked hat for the students in our schools. I do not suggest that the verses and choruses of ten thousand songs should be rewritten by some government bureau set up for the purpose. It is too late for that. But I do have a small scheme for diverting popular music to the uses of education.

It seems to me the songwriters could do something to clear up the students' deplorable distortion of the thirteen original states and of the states bordering the Atlantic Ocean. I call upon Cole Porter, Lorenz Hart, Oscar Hammerstein II, and Irving Berlin to give the matter their careful consideration. I shall not be so presumptuous as to indicate the form the lyrics should take, but I am going to have a go at suggesting a few titles, just to set up what I have in mind. How about "Thirteen Original States, I Love You," or "I Got a Notion to Choo-Choo Through the States Bordering on the Atlantic Ocean," or even "Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida Moon"? Many other titles suggest themselves, too. "I Can't Get (fill in states) Off My Mind," "I Hear (fill in states) Calling Me," "Nothing Could Be Finer Than to Be in Carolina, but It's Swell as Well to Be in (fill in states)."

To those of you who will be only too quick to point out that, in spite of the time and effort I have put in on this momentous subject, I have done no more than strike it a glancing blow, I can only say that it is a problem not just for me but for all of us. Let's have *your* ideas, if you're so smart. Only don't send them to me. Send them to Senator Taft.[§]

—JAMES THURBER

[‡] For the benefit of foreigners who may be floundering around in this piece, it should be explained that Americans of all ages and both sexes invariably refer to locomotives as "choo choos."

[§] I erred in a previous footnote in which I said Mr. Taft is from Idaho. It's Iowa.

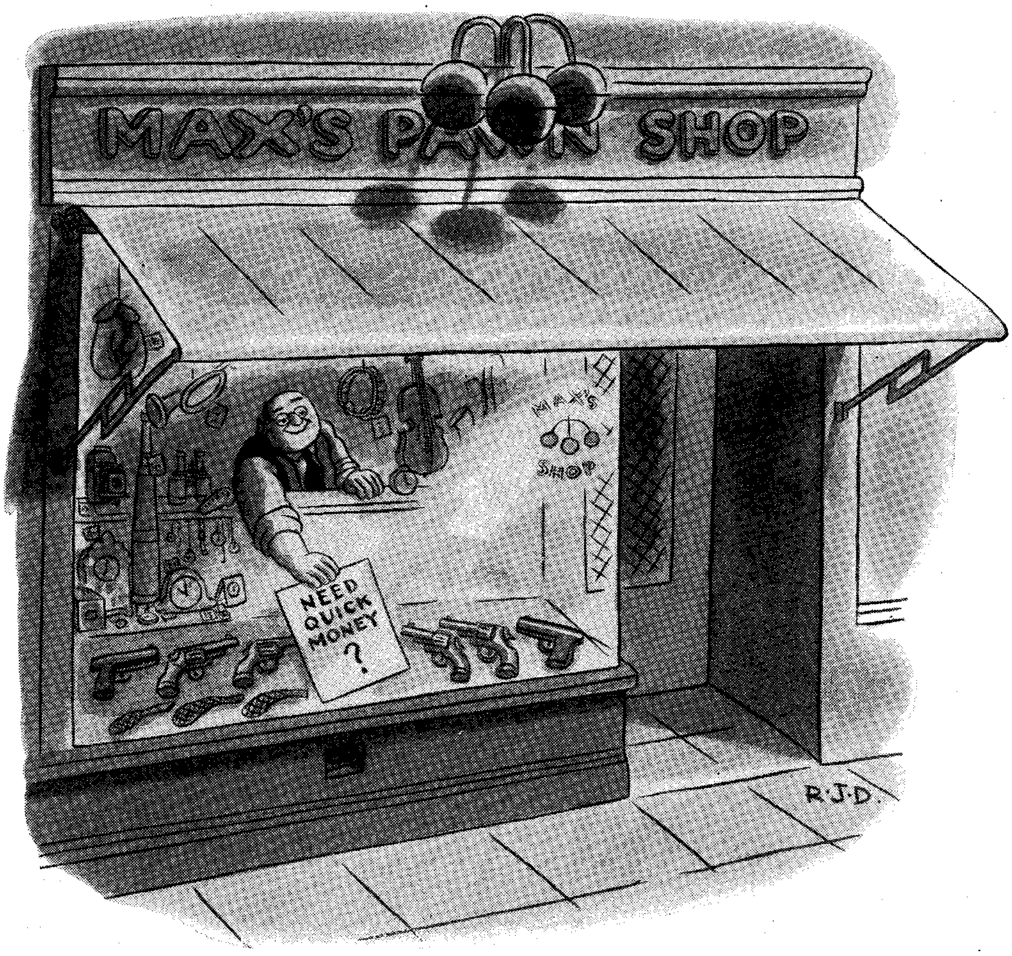
THE CEMETERY

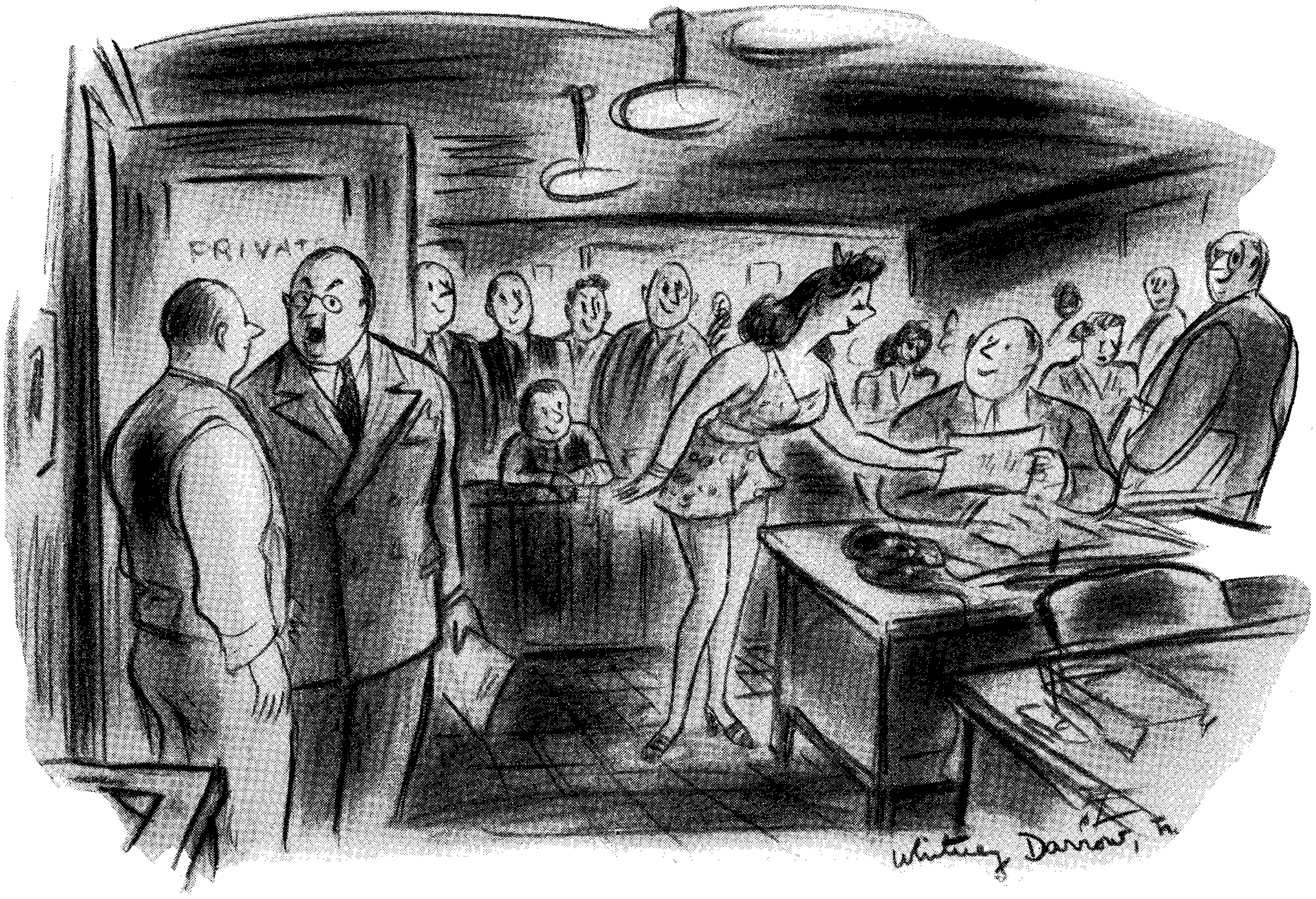
THE Doctor was over seventy, but he still had a big practice. Whenever Carroll came up from New York for the weekend, he found the office filled with patients waiting to see his father. They would be sitting in the creased leather chairs which Carroll remembered from childhood or standing at the windows, looking down at the cemetery across the street. That cemetery had been part of the Doctor's equipment for nearly fifty years. The humor of its location was inescapable. "That where you bury your mistakes, is it, Doctor?" a patient would ask, and the Doctor would nod his head, his silvered reflector catching the light. He always smiled, as if he had not heard the words a thousand times before. As a rule the patients who asked that question were the ones who were most afraid of being examined. With them the Doctor worked the conversation around to the point where they could spring the stale joke. "As long as you don't bury *me* there," they would add, "that's all I care." Then they would throw back their heads in laughter, never seeing the contempt which showed in the shadow of the old man's glasses.

The walls of the Doctor's waiting room were so completely covered with pictures that there was no space left for dusting between their frames. Shutting his eyes in his law office in New York or on the train riding to Hartsbridge, Carroll could recall his favorites one by one, each in its place. Among the pictures on the north wall of the waiting room hung colored prints of the Castle of Chillon, the bell tower in Seville, and St. Peter's in Rome. The east wall was blotted out by some lithographs which the Doctor had bought on a Mediterranean cruise in 1926. On the south and west walls, scattered between the windows and doors, hung a series of photographs of the Doctor at the various clinics he had attended forty years ago in Vienna and Prague. These showed him standing, smiling and self-confident, in the midst of bearded foreign professors. Except for the name lettered precisely under the Doctor's feet, Carroll felt sure that none of his patients would have recognized him. He was a stranger, a young Irishman with small, handsome features and a hint of the paunch which used to serve as an outward symbol of a physician's success. "Oh, I was cocky enough," the Doctor would say. "I had the world in my pocket in those days, or thought I had."

On a bookcase filled with nineteenth-century medical annuals stood a framed, slightly faded photograph of Carroll's mother, who had died when he was seven. Once, from behind a newspaper, he had heard a woman patient explain to her husband, "That's the Doctor's wife. She's been dead for ages. Poor man, they say he can't talk about her even now." Carroll had felt childishly angry at the woman for making him see his father through her eyes. No one had the right to talk like that about the Doctor. No one had the right to pity him. Carroll himself refused to think of his father except as a tireless, expensively tailored man who was not only the best eye specialist in town but a director of two of the local banks. Carroll and his father had always been careful to keep their conversation centred on the office. After all, they had never been able to talk as Carroll and his mother might have been able to talk. They were, they knew, too much alike to risk it. Whenever Carroll came up for a weekend, they shared their few meals in silence, walked through the park at night if the weather was fair, and went to bed early in the big, empty-seeming house. As Carroll had done since childhood, he remembered to say, "Good night. Pleasant dreams," and his father, from the adjoining room, answered, "Good night, boy. Pleasant dreams." That was as close to intimacy as they had come.

Before his marriage Carroll had spent every weekend with his father. During the past few years, however, he had come up to Hartsbridge more and more infrequently. Ellen disliked trains, and she said the children were really too young to travel anyhow. Besides, there was nothing for them to do in Hartsbridge. The house which to Carroll was still a kingdom of unexplored and unexplorable wonders was to Ellen "the old barn." The children kissed their grandfather and listened to his stories of hunting and fishing or, if they grew restless, of his encounters with murderous Indians, but Ellen felt that family visits were a great strain on everyone. Without having spoken a word, Carroll found that his agreement with





"Will you please ask Miss Jessup if she couldn't conserve material in some way that won't disrupt the office?"

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this point of view was taken for granted. If, glancing up from his paper after dinner, he wondered how his father was, Ellen always said, "For goodness' sake, darling, why don't you run up and spend the weekend with him?"

Carroll would answer, "Maybe I will, at that. Why don't you and the children come along? Dad would be awfully glad to see you."

Ellen, shaking her dark head, her eyes studying her hands, would say, "You know that's impossible, darling. Give him our love. Tell him we think about him all the time."

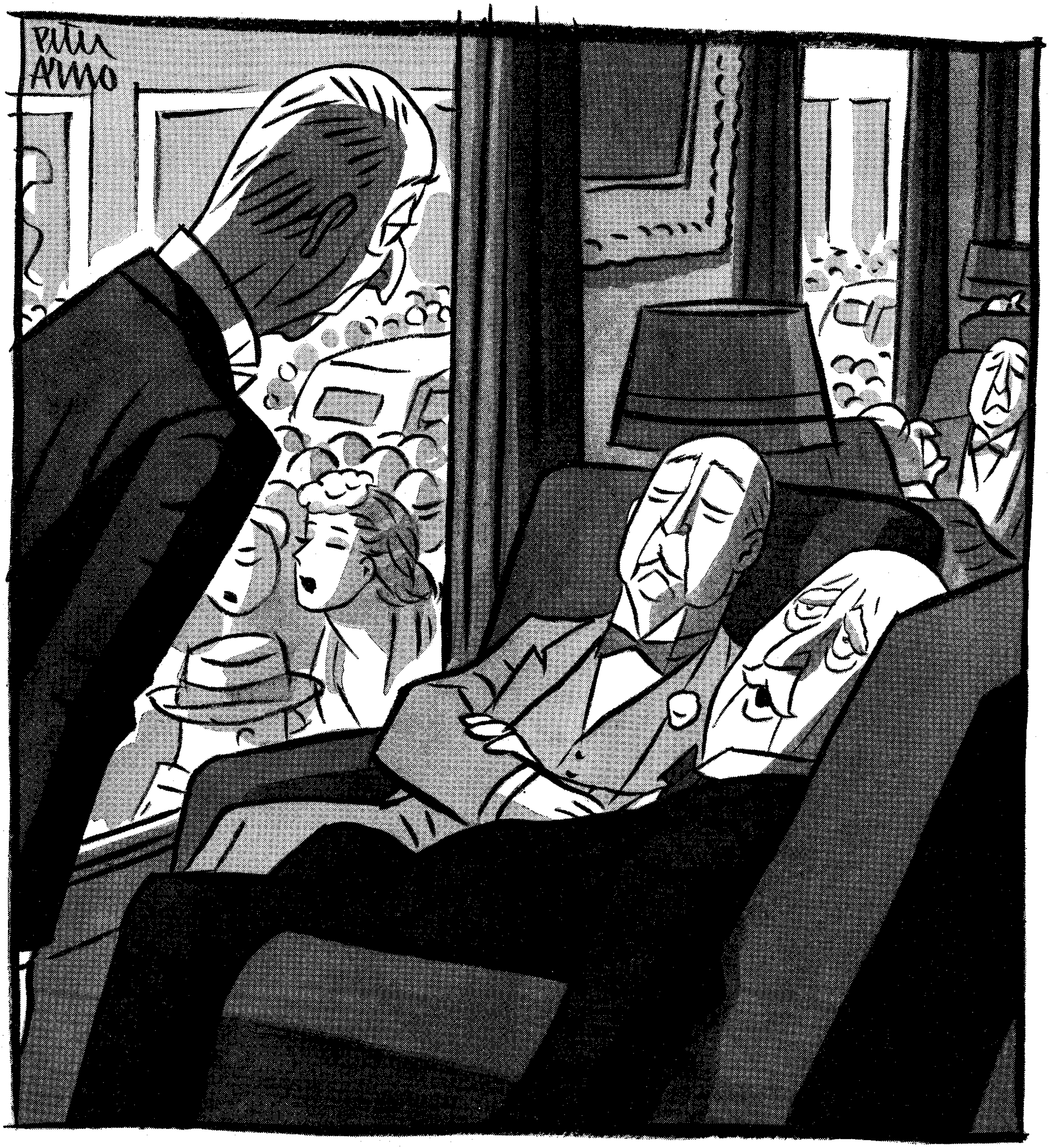
CARROLL had not sent word to his father that he was spending this weekend in Hartsbridge. It was nearly six by the time he reached the office, and Dr. Downing, his father's assistant, and Miss Miles, his secretary, had already left for the day. From the faint seesaw sound of voices in the room beyond, Carroll guessed that his father was treating a tardy patient or someone who had insisted on being seen without an appointment. Carroll picked up a magazine and began to thumb through its pages. Unlike the doctors of legend, his father subscribed to ten or twelve magazines, none of them medical, and kept only the current issues on the square oak table between the windows. After a few minutes his father walked to the waiting-room door with his patient, a woman whose right eye was covered by a neat black patch. The Doctor was making his usual speech. Its humor must have been slightly twisted for both of them, Carroll thought, by their evident old age. "Now, you've nothing to worry about," the Doctor was saying. "Come back and see me in twenty years."

As he shut the door to the hall, the Doctor caught sight of Carroll sitting in the worn leather rocker. The room was shadowed with April twilight, and the Doctor, cocking his head, asked uncertainly, "Carroll?" Carroll stood up and they shook hands. Carroll noted, and felt ashamed of noting, how the Doctor's pleasure at seeing him had lightened his face, erasing the network of lines around the small, firmly compressed mouth. Carroll said briskly, "Had a bad day?"

"Pretty bad. Come in and sit down."

They walked together to the Doctor's consulting room, which was equipped, as it had always been, with the latest mechanical devices. The rounded metallic shapes glowed softly under fluorescent lights. ("I like to keep up to date," the Doctor said. "A good rule for old fogies.") The Doctor leaned back in his swivel chair, the toe of one shoe steadying him against the bottom drawer of his desk. Carroll sat on a small, straight chair beside the desk. On the wall behind him hung his college-graduation photograph, taken in a rented cap and gown. On the opposite wall hung a snapshot of him taken when he was a baby playing on the lawn at home. He said, "I thought you'd promised to take things easy."

The Doctor shook his head. "Can't be done. All the young doctors have gone to war." He lifted up and scattered across the desk a sheaf of typed cards. "New patients. War workers from everywhere—Maine to Minneso-



"In case of an air raid, Billings, what's done about us*?"*

• •

ta. I can't refuse them when they need treatment."

Carroll nodded toward a steel filing cabinet. "Miss Miles told me once how many thousands of names there are in there. You must have the biggest practice in the state."

"Maybe. In the old days I used to love the rush. I never turned away anybody. Now I hope they'll get well by themselves. I hope they'll forget my name. I hope they'll go to the wrong office."

Carroll felt uncomfortable. He was probably mistaken in thinking so, but his father sounded as if he were asking for sympathy. "You're still miles ahead of everyone else in town," he said. "And as far as income goes, you make me look like a tramp."

His father glanced at him without answering. After a moment he said, "How are Ellen and the children?"

"They're fine. The kids loved the box of toys you sent them."

"That wasn't anything."

"No, they really did."

"It wasn't anything. They're good children. They're fine children. You've a fine family." The Doctor stood up awkwardly. "Come in and let me take a look at your throat. Lots of colds around this time of year."

Carroll followed his father into a small space which was set off from the consulting room by glass panels. He sat down on the familiar enamelled chair and held back his head. This submission to treatment was an old ritual between them. It was, Carroll knew, the Doctor's way of saying, "I'm glad you're here." The Doctor adjusted his reflector. He pressed down Carroll's tongue with a wooden spatula. "Seems all right," he said. "You been feeling pretty well?"

"Fine."

"Well, I'll paint it just to make sure. A little creosote won't do you any harm."

Carroll had never seen his father perform an operation. Here in the office his father examined patients or treated them for colds and other minor complaints. Here, too, he handled what he called his "damned neurotics"—men and women who came back to him week after week, in spite of everything he did to discourage them from coming, because they liked to think of themselves as being slightly unwell. "They pay the freight for a lot of nuns and priests," his father said, "but they take as much out of me as an operation." He performed his operations in a tiled, high-ceilinged room at the hospital. He had given the room in memory of his wife, and her name was engraved in a brass plate on the operating-room door. Ever since childhood Carroll had been meeting people who told him, simply and abruptly, that his father had saved their lives. Learning who he was, a stranger would say, "I'd be dead this minute if it wasn't for your dad." Carroll would answer, "I guess he must be pretty good." If, as was often the case, it was some middle-aged derelict whose life had been saved, Carroll's answer called for a protest. "Pretty good? He's the best there is. Why, all the other doctors give me up. I'll tell you something else. I was a bit on my uppers at the time, and he never asked a penny from me. Never a penny." Then came the inevitable triumphant lie. "I was able to pay him back later, thanks be to God." To Carroll's delight, his father never remembered the names of any of the men and women whose lives he had saved. He said only, "Well, it's nice once in a while to get a boost instead of a knock. But maybe they weren't dying at all. Maybe they only had wax in their ears."

CARROLL got up from the chair. Tasting the creosote, he always made the same objection. He said, "I feel a lot worse now than when I came in." He walked across the office to the narrow, old-fashioned windows. It was impossible to remember how many people had told him that the Doctor had saved their lives. Some of the Doctor's patients must have died on the operating table or shortly afterward, but Carroll had never heard of them. He wondered when his father had lost his first patient. He wondered, feeling half unwilling to wonder, whether the Doctor had ever lost a patient through—well, through some fault of his own. Say, for example, when he started on mastoids or in the weeks following the death of Carroll's mother. Carroll said, "Who was the old lady you just saw? Someone who sneaked in without an appointment?"

The Doctor nodded. He was getting ready to shut the office for the weekend. He switched off the overhead lights and the gleaming, chromium-plated sterilizer. "Time to go home," he said.

"What was the matter with her?" Carroll asked.

The Doctor shut the instrument cabinet. He walked to his swivel chair and sat down. Opening the top drawer of the desk, he took out a fistful of bills and started counting them. Although he kept up with the younger doctors in everything else, he held to the old custom of being paid in cash. "That will be five dollars," he would say. "You can pay the girl as you go out." If a person was unable to pay at the moment, the Doctor would agree to send a bill. This frequently resulted in his deciding to forget the matter. "She looked thin," he would explain to Miss Miles. "Some women don't even know enough to eat." Or he would say, "That poor old bum has been a poor old bum for forty years. No sense in wasting your time billing him." Now he ran the dollars expertly between his fingers. "One hundred and ten today," he said. "Pretty good for an old fellow."

Carroll leaned against the window ledge. He repeated his question. "What was the matter with the old lady?"

The Doctor said, "Nothing's the matter with her. I cut out a cataract a couple of weeks ago. Now the eye's inflamed. Of course it's inflamed. That could happen to anybody."

"You told her she had nothing to worry about."

"That's right. She has nothing to worry about."

Carroll turned to the window. The April sky looked cold, except on its yellow western rim. In the cemetery across the street a few gray stones lighted the shadows. Carroll was about to say, "That where you bury your mistakes, is it, Doctor?" He glanced across the room in anticipation of his father's careful smile. His father was staring at him with his lips drawn together, his head cocked to one side. In that faint, indoor darkness he looked oddly shrunken and helpless. Carroll felt as if his father had sensed the question, as if he were going to give an answer. Carroll did not want to hear the answer. He said hurriedly, "Let's go. I'm getting hungry."

The Doctor held out the fistful of bills. "Take them," he said. "Buy something for the children."

"No. They don't need anything."

The Doctor said, "I don't need anything, either."

"I don't want it," Carroll said sharply. Then, for the first time in years, he touched the old man's shoulder. "Come on. It's been a long day."

The old man nodded. He got up and put on his hat, coat, and rubbers. At the last moment, without looking at the bills, he thrust them into his pocket. Carroll opened the office door and set the lock. "A long day," the old man said.

—BRENDAN GILL

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SING A SONG OF THE CITIES

"Towanda Winooski? Gowanda!"
  Rahway Setauket Eugene.
"Watseka? Ware! Tonawanda!"
  Flushing Modesto De Queen.

"Wantagh Revere Petaluma!
  Pontiac! Rye! Champaign!
Kissimmee Smackover! Yuma!"
  Ossining, Waverly Kane.

"Rockaway! Homestead Tacoma!
  Neenah Metuchen Peru!
Owego Moberly Homer!
  Dover Andover Depew!"

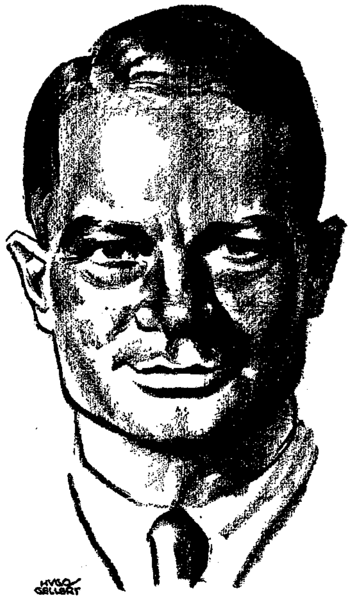
—MORRIS BISHOP

# ❋ PROFILES ❋

FIND 'EM, FIX 'EM, AND FIGHT 'EM—I

ONCE, in the nineteen-thirties, a regimental polo team coached by Lieutenant Colonel Terry de la Mesa Allen unexpectedly won its way to the finals of an Army tournament in Texas. The names of Army polo players are not especially familiar to sports-page readers, even to those who have heard of Tommy Hitchcock, but they are well known in the service, and the members of the other team in the finals had great Army reputations. Everybody except Allen, who himself had led the United States Army team against the British Army team in 1920, took it for granted that his team would be handsomely trounced. Before the match he got them out every day for a week to practice shooting goals. Ordinary polo goalposts are eight yards apart; Allen had his men shooting between posts only a yard and a half apart. In the match, his team had eight chances to score and got eight goals; the other outfit had forty chances to score and got only seven goals.

Allen, now the major general commanding the First Infantry Division in North Africa, is still using the same approach to get results from men under him. A couple of months ago he made a speech to the officers of a tank-destroyer outfit that had just been attached to his division. "When the big day comes," he said, "we will have no transportation, no equipment, and no ammunition, because it's always that way, but there will be no reclassification of officers in this division from combat to noncombat jobs. You win or die." The tank-destroyer officers cheered. Like all good coaches, Allen can arouse a young audience. "The team that won't be beaten can't be beaten," he went on solemnly, quoting the late Bill Roper, the Princeton football coach. His voice was calm and there were tears in his eyes. Allen's antecedents are half Irish and half Spanish, and he can throw himself into or out of a momentarily genuine mood as quickly as a soldier can shift the gears of a jeep.



Major General Terry Allen

The concept of the undermanned, underequipped force playing low cards well is familiar to Allen because his father was a West Pointer, class of 1881, and he himself was raised in the atmosphere of the pre-1917 Army. In his father's day a platoon was deemed a considerable force, and Allen had his own baptism of fire under modest circumstances when, as a young second lieutenant in 1913, he went out with only six troopers and fought thirty Mexican cattle-rustlers, killing or capturing all of them. Much of Allen's time in the service has been spent with the Seventh Cavalry, Custer's old regiment. "Custer didn't ask what price bookies were laying, did he?" Allen asks. "He fought, didn't he? And he got killed, and after he got killed Congress had to buy the cavalry repeating rifles. And the cavalry cleaned out the Indians, and Custer is up in heaven thumbing his nose at those damn Indians now." The General is not in favor of getting killed. It is sometimes necessary, however, to achieve a purpose, and he brings to the problems of contemporary war much of the border fighter's philosophy. "There are some generals that, if they find the enemy in a strong position, they will go ahead and get you killed," a young West Pointer on Allen's staff said recently, "but old Terry will find the way around and kill them all." Allen refers to this procedure as "maneuver." In a recent directive to his division, Allen wrote, "The successive steps of infantry offensive combat are summarized by the expression 'Find 'em, fix 'em, and fight 'em.' "

Allen, like Lieutenant General George S. Patton, Jr., is a horse cavalryman by both early training and predilection. Now he consoles himself by thinking of the infantrymen he commands as dismounted troopers. To Allen, an even greater fetish than maneuver is loyalty to the unit, a carry-over from his background in the old professional Army, in which enlisted men took a minimum interest in ideologies. "A soldier doesn't fight to save suffering humanity or any other goddam nonsense," the General says. "He fights to prove that his unit is the best in the Army and that he has as much guts as anybody else in the unit. Break up the unit and incentive is gone." The blackest days in Allen's military career were during these past winter months in the North African theatre, when, for reasons of expediency, his division was broken up and fed into the battle line here and there, a battalion at a time. Some outfits were attached to the British forces in the extreme north of Tunisia and others to the French forces in the far south. Allen had commanded the division during its debarkation on the North African coast and during the capture of Oran, and he felt the same sense of outrage that a football coach might feel if he were to see his squad taken apart just before the big game. "I blooded them, didn't I?" he said to friends during that dismal period. When his division was reassembled under his command later in the campaign, he was a happy major general.

GENERAL ALLEN is a medium-sized soldier with a thick neck, sloping shoulders, and the slightly rolling gait of a man who has spent a great deal of time on horseback. He has the kind of dented nose that is usually associated with prizefighters and his breathing is audible as he talks, like the breathing of old boxers as they spar. At one period in his life he did a bit of professional boxing, which he does not like to discuss now because he thinks it might reflect upon his dignity as a general officer, and the shape of his nose probably dates from that epoch, if not from his football and polo days or from his hand-to-hand fights with the Germans in the last war, in which he was wounded four times. He has a long skull, a heavy jaw, high cheekbones, and deep-sunk brown eyes; his hair is black flecked with gray, and one lock generally stands up on the top of his head. When he is excited, he moves quickly, and he illustrates most of his tactical concepts by shadowboxing, in which jabs represent forward thrusts and hooks encircling movements, and the one-two punch combination sums up his basic theory of warfare.

He has a quiet, pleasant voice, and a good, puckish Irish smile frequently lights up his craggy face when he is with friends. Most enlisted men find his appearance reassuringly tough. They like to see him on the battlefield, but they are content to stay out of his way when no operations are in progress. Once, during the fighting in Oran against the local French division, which had taken literally the Vichy orders to resist, he came upon a group of his soldiers who had been brought to a standstill by shellfire. "Get off your dead ends and quit mucking around or you'll be killed," he said, and one soldier yelled, "O.K., Terry!" That was perhaps the only time in Allen's career as an officer that an enlisted man has called him by his first name. He sometimes cites this as an instance of the mad things men do in the stress of battle.

Allen was born at Fort Douglas, in what was then the Territory of Utah, on April 1, 1888. His father, Colonel Samuel Edward Allen, was an artillery officer and his mother, whose maiden name was Conchita de la Mesa, was the daughter of Carlos de la Mesa, a Spaniard who had served as a colonel in the Union Army in the Civil War. Terry is not a contraction of Terence but the surname of a branch of his father's side of the family. His boyhood was spent at Army posts, mostly in Texas, and he considers himself more a Texan than anything else. His father had the old Army sense of dignity. The General remembers that the elder Allen, while he was still a captain, would refuse to have a telephone in his house at a post, because, he said, "I don't want to telephone my seniors and I won't have my juniors calling me." When Captain Allen wanted to communicate with men of his battery, he stood on the porch of his house and yelled. At the post Allen remembers best the battery lived in barracks a couple of hundred yards from the Captain's home, and a non-com was always stationed in front of the barracks to watch for the Captain and run over to him to get instructions whenever he came outdoors. Probably the most active phase of Allen's youth was during the period in which his father commanded a battery of field artillery and young Terry associated almost exclusively with enlisted men, who taught him to smoke, drink, chew tobacco, and reckon odds in games of chance. The General's favorite reminiscence concerns meeting the son of another officer on the reservation and discovering that he was crying. Allen asked him what the matter was.

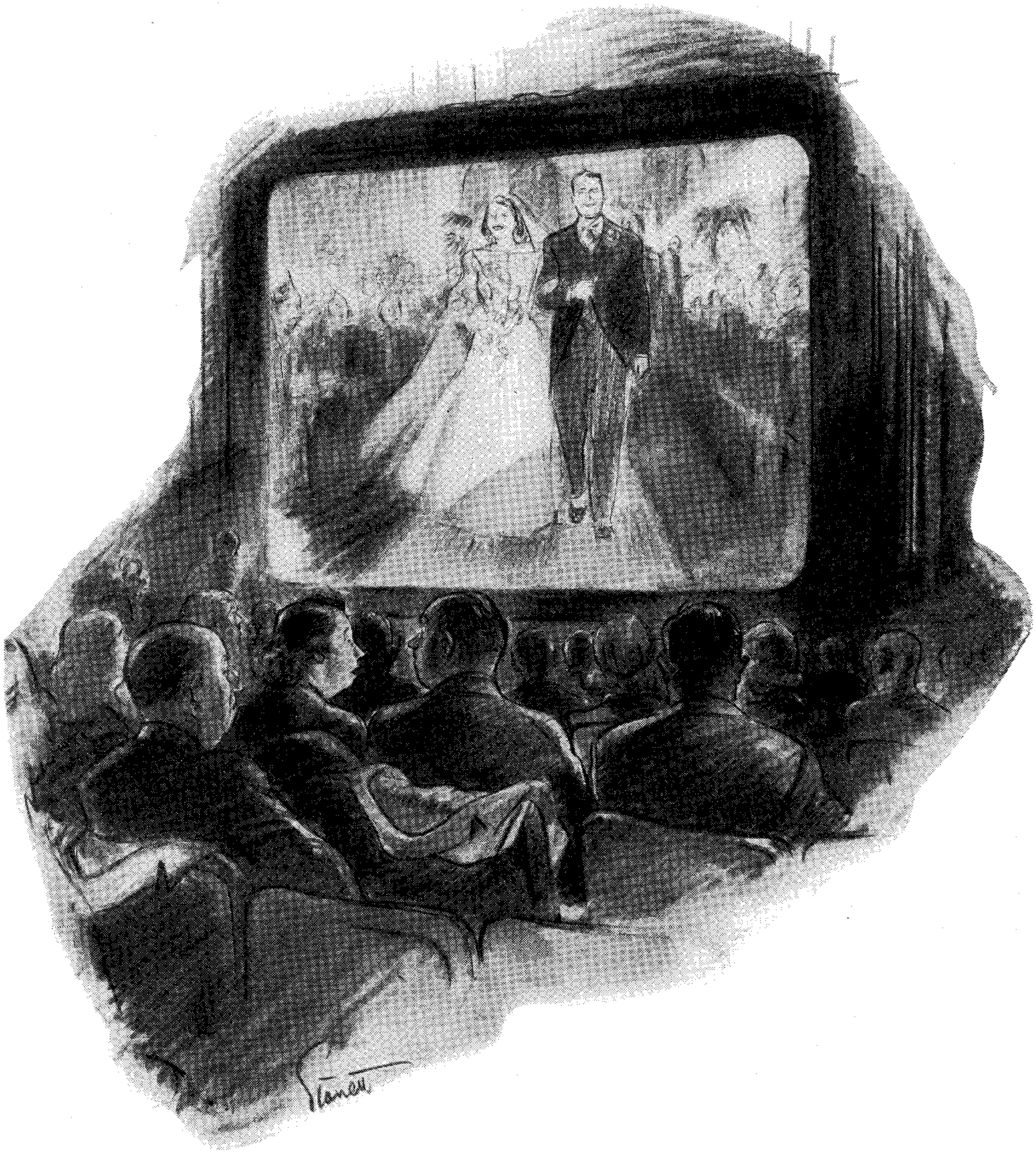
"My mother spanked me," the boy said.

"Why?" Allen asked.

"For playing with you," the boy answered.

The General says, "My opinion of myself went up like a rocket."

Not long ago Allen pinned a decoration on a captain of field artillery whose father had been a sergeant in the Regular Army. "Nobody can say we haven't got real democracy when a sergeant's son can become a commissioned officer," the General said with emotion. That a family could span such a gap in one generation seemed to him as re-



"Any time they start a picture this way you can count on trouble."

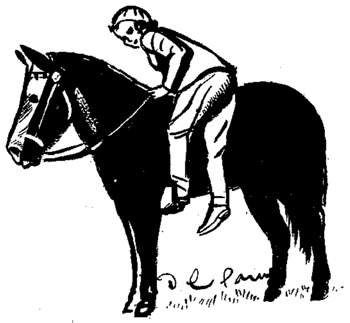
markable as tales of immigrant boys who have become millionaires do to civilians.

Allen's breeding and boyhood gave him a strong but highly informal Roman Catholic religious sense. Just before the African debarkation he went to confession, after far too long an absence. "I know I don't deserve anything from God," he said to the chaplain, "but maybe He will do something for the division." On another occasion, when he was confronted with an administrative crisis in his division, he "went into a latrine tent," he relates, "and got down on my knees and prayed for guidance, and God showed me the way to get rid of that guy without holding a court-martial."

Allen's career at West Point, which he entered with the class of 1911, was not a scholastic triumph. He already considered himself an integral part of the Army and wasted little time on curricular activities, with the result that in his fourth year he muffed a course called Ordnance and Gunnery and flunked out of the Academy, to the regret of the class, of which he had been considered one of the most amusing members. The course, popularly known among the cadets as Ignorance and Gummery, was not respected, so Allen's reputation was, if anything, enhanced by his exit. His father, however, took a serious view of the matter. Since young Terry had never for a moment considered the idea of beginning his career as either a civilian or an enlisted man, he studied with fiendish earnestness for a year at Catholic University in Washington—the first real mental effort of his life—and then took a competitive examination for a second lieutenancy in 1912 and passed it. He was posted to the Fourteenth Cavalry on the Mexican border and it was in the following year that he and his six troopers rounded up the band of rustlers from across the border. He does not remember what happened to the twenty-odd Mexicans they took prisoner (they may still be in a federal penitentiary, for all he knows), but he recalls vividly that a good horse was shot under him.

Allen took part in four sharp skirmishes with Mexican bandits even before Pancho Villa attacked Columbus, New Mexico, in 1916, a raid which provoked Pershing's punitive expedition. Allen still considers the affair at Columbus, which was defended by the Thirteenth Cavalry, as about the worst mess an outfit could get into. The soldiers were caught without rifles and had to fight the Mexicans off with rocks. Today, whenever he thinks that a subordinate is proposing a rash operation, he says, "To hell with that. We don't want any Columbus massacres here." He rode into Mexico with Pershing and then, when we entered the first World War, was promoted to captain. Soon afterward he became a major and was made a battalion commander in the Ninetieth Division of the National Army, an outfit mainly of Texans and Oklahomans. This was Allen's first experience as an infantry officer. When the war ended he was a major and a regimental commander.

The Ninetieth Division went to France in June, 1918, and fought at St. Mihiel and in the Meuse-Argonne campaign. As a battalion commander, Allen showed a shrewdness and dash that are not acquired from textbooks. One day, in the Argonne, his battalion was ordered to take an objective the next morning, after the customary heavy-artillery preparation. Allen decided that to attack then under the prevailing conditions would be too costly and ordered his battalion to attack the night before instead. He did this on his own responsibility, risking court-martial if the operation went wrong. "I had one goddam company commander who was a pessimist," Allen recalls. " 'This is suicide,' he said. I pulled out my revolver and shot him in the behind. 'There. You're out,' I said. 'You're wounded.' He was glad to get out of it, and I sent a second lieutenant up to take the company and he did fine. We took the position with a loss of twenty killed, and if we'd done it by day we would have lost three hundred. If I hear anybody talking that way in my division now, I'll shoot him, and not in the behind, either. I'm getting tougher as I go along. We took about fifty German prisoners that time and they were whining as if we didn't have the right to attack by night. Acted as if they thought we should fight by their rules. The German is arrogant in victory and servile in defeat."



ALLEN was handicapped until his thirtieth year by a persistent stutter, which probably made him even more pugnacious than he would otherwise have been. He was always expecting people to make fun of him. In the Argonne a bullet entered one side of his face and went out the other, inci-

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ART REVIEW

Recently displayed at the Times Square station, a new Vandyke on the face-cream girl.
(Artist unknown. Has promise, but lacks the brilliance shown by the great masters of the Elevated age.)
The latest wood carving in a Whelan telephone booth, titled "O Mortal Fools WA 9-5090," shows two winged hearts above an ace of spades.
(His meaning is not entirely clear, but this man will go far.)
A charcoal nude in the rear of Flatbush Ahearn's Bar & Grill, "Forward to the Brotherhood of Man," has been boldly conceived in the great tradition.
(We need more, much more, of this.)
Then there is the chalk portrait, on the walls of a waterfront warehouse, of a gentleman wearing a derby hat: "Bleecker street Mike is a doublecrossing rat."
(Morbid, but powerful. Don't miss.)

Know then by these presents, know all men by these signs and omens, by these simple thumbprints on the throat of time,
Know that Pete, the people's artist, is ever watchful,
That Tuxedo Jim has passed among us, and was much displeased, as always,
That George the Ghost (no man has seen him) and Bill the Bicep Boy will neither bend nor break,
That Mr. Harkness of Sunnyside approves, and has not lost the human touch,
That Phantom Phil, the master of them all, has come and gone, but will return, and all is well.

—KENNETH FEARING

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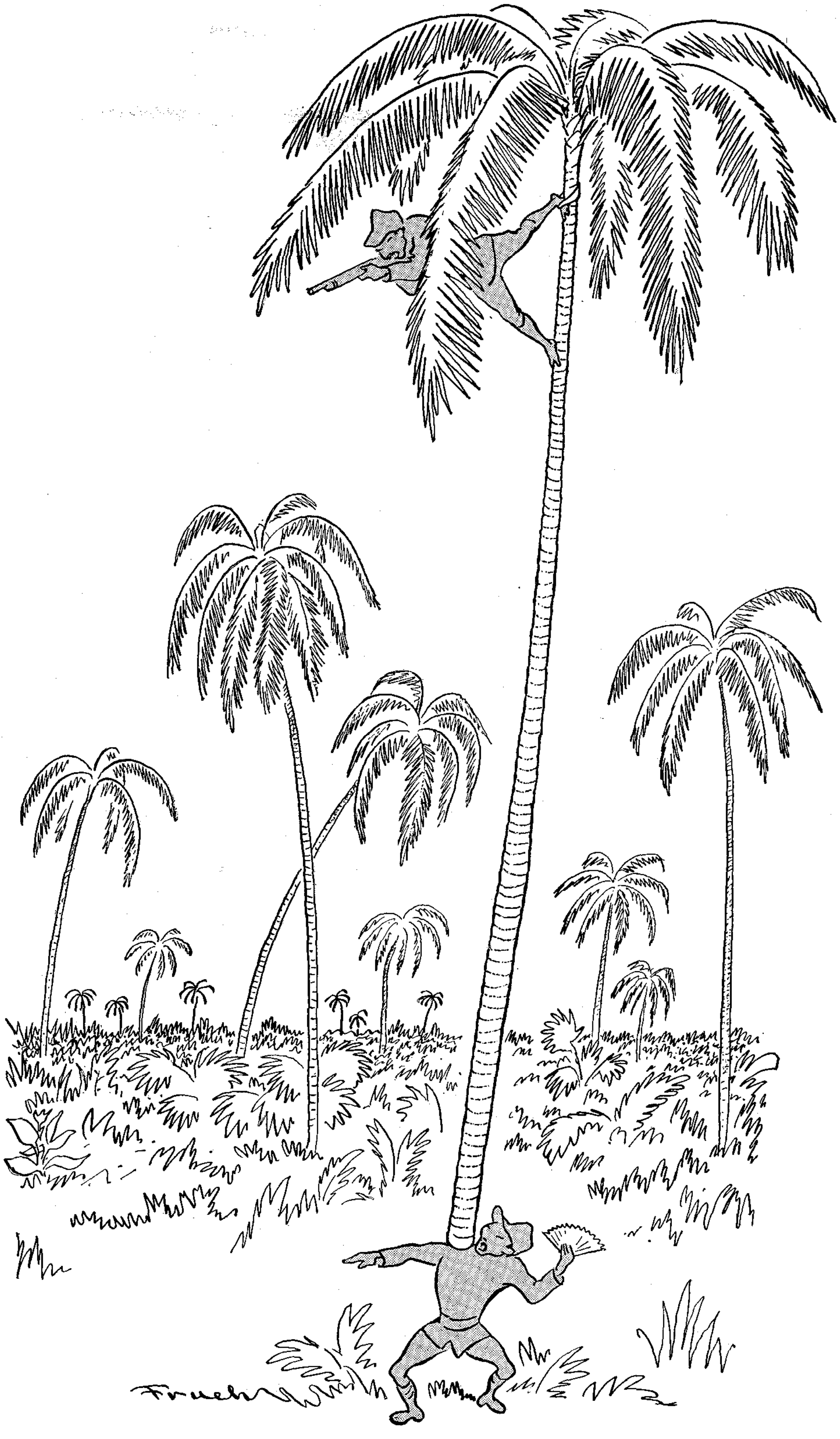


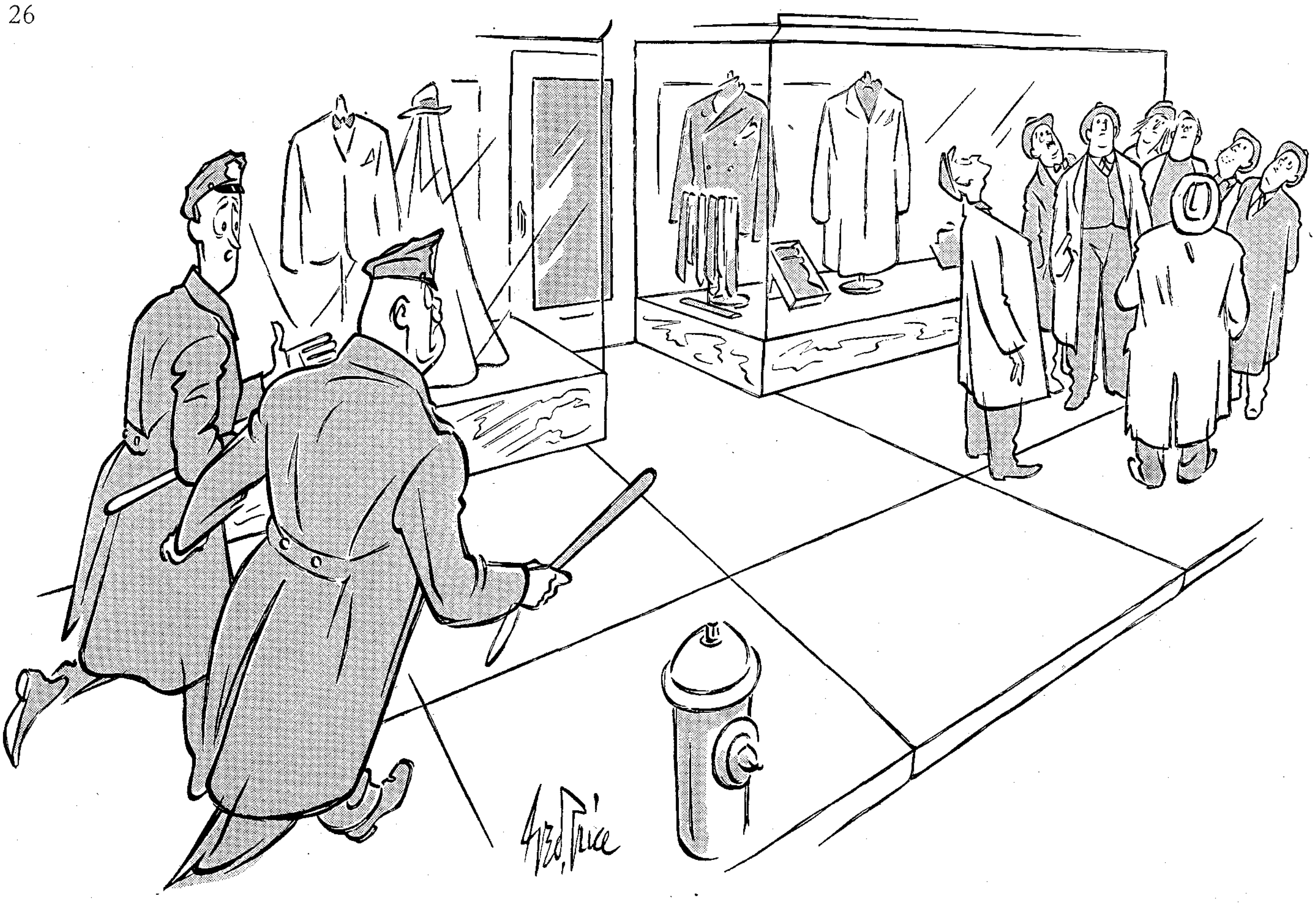
dentally knocking out all his back teeth on its way through. He lay in a hospital for a month, unable to speak, and when he began to talk again he found he had lost his stutter completely. While convalescing, he learned to speak French, which he now does diffidently but quite intelligibly. He served with the army of occupation in Germany until 1921, taking time off to go to England in 1920 to play in some polo matches. From Germany he went back to Texas and the cavalry.

Allen's Army life between the two great wars was fairly animated. He attended the same session of the Fort Leavenworth Command and General Staff School as General Dwight Eisenhower. There were two hundred and forty-one students in the course. Eisenhower graduated No. 1 and Allen No. 221. The head of the school described Allen as the most indifferent student ever enrolled there. Allen says that this estimate was the result of the impression he made on his first day, when he had a date to play tennis with the blonde daughter of a senior officer and consequently had no time to spend on his first tactical problem. "It was all full of silly questions like 'What are the enemy's intentions?'" Allen says. "I wrote 'The enemy didn't tell me' and beat it. I was five minutes late for my tennis date already."

Six years later Allen attended the Infantry School at Fort Benning, in Georgia. He had finally decided that the infantry was here to stay. Lieutenant Colonel George Marshall, now Chief of Staff, was the assistant director and the moving spirit of the school. When Allen was graduated, Marshall said that he was a soldier of uncertain future in the peacetime Army but certainly should be entrusted with a division in time of war.

Allen then had a tour of duty as an instructor at the Fort Riley Cavalry School, during which he was asked to review, for the *Cavalry Journal*, a new West Point textbook on ordnance and gunnery, the subject which had caused him to flunk out of the Military Academy. Allen wrote that it was even less intelligible and more useless than its predecessor, an opinion he still maintains. "All you want to know about guns is how to kill people with them," he says, "and that book was all full of mathematics beyond calculus."

The more serious moments of Allen's life during the twenties were devoted to playing and coaching polo and leading his cavalry squadron on long marches paralleling the Mexican border to ward off threatened raids by some free-lance Mexican armies. He married Mary Frances Robinson of El Paso in June, 1928. About a year later he was celebrating the birth of their son, Terry, Jr., when he was summoned to corps-area headquarters and told to entrain his outfit for a certain point and start on one of these marches. He ordered his squadron to begin entraining, then returned to the celebration, and caught an outgoing troop train two hours after he had received notice of the move. The corps chief of staff had given him a route to follow after he got his horses and men off the train, but Allen, who knew the country better, chose a more direct line and telegraphed his superior, "Circumstances make it necessary to disregard your orders." He got to the critical position on the border just in time to



"Now for God's sake let's think of something less hackneyed than 'Break it up!'"

• •

head off what might have been a second Columbus incident, and the corps-area command was congratulated by the State Department for his good work.

That period in Allen's life is made beautiful, in retrospect, by the character and deeds of an ancient cavalry colonel known as Tommy, then Allen's superior. "I once heard him address Troop C after a review that he hadn't liked," the General reminisces. "He said, 'If God could just look down from heaven and see you, he would take a sock full of mud and hit you over the head with it.'" Another time, Allen, serving as executive officer of the Seventh Cavalry, received by telephone the information that the old Colonel, dressed in long woollen underwear, was roaming the halls of El Paso's best hotel, shooting up ceilings with a .45. Allen's informant was a well-bred young lady who was the fiancée of a junior officer in the outfit. Allen, commandeering several officers and a case of whiskey, proceeded to the hotel to attempt to pacify the Colonel, but in a couple of hours the Colonel had persuaded them to join his celebration instead. The young woman who had telephoned Allen finally broke into the party to pry out her fiancé. Before leaving, she took Allen aside. "Terry," she said, "when I called you up, I was afraid the Colonel might shoot himself, but now I'm afraid that the old devil won't." General Allen speaks of the Colonel, now deceased, with the same pious enthusiasm he otherwise reserves for Custer, who had commanded the same regiment. "The Colonel was one of the glories of American arms," General Allen sometimes says solemnly.

IN the latter thirties the higher authorities of the Army began to take a sombre view of the European situation and the possibility of war, and Allen, graver with the years, showed marked talents as a leader and trainer of fighting men. He was commissioned a brigadier general in October, 1940, thus becoming the first member of the West Point class he had failed to graduate with to be made a general officer. He served as an assistant commander with three divisions, and he succeeded in convincing his charges in each that they were in the best outfit in the Army. He took command of the First Infantry Division early in 1942, shortly before it went overseas, and was made a major general soon afterward. His division had one of the most illustrious American records in the first World War and already had a strong *esprit de corps* when Allen joined it. By now it has taken to referring to itself as "the first team," and soldiers in it, when they hear of setbacks suffered by other outfits, ask haughtily, "When are they going to send in the first team?" Allen was a little dismayed when he first saw the men of his new outfit assembled, because they were not as big as the soldiers in the old Ninetieth. Practically all the men in the First come from Ohio and points east, and more of them come from New York State, mostly Brooklyn, than from any other region. He thinks highly of them now. "They're not big," he says, "but they're tough and smart." The Germans have had an excellent chance to get acquainted with them, too, and they probably agree with General Allen. —A. J. LIEBLING

(*This is the first of two articles on General Allen.*)

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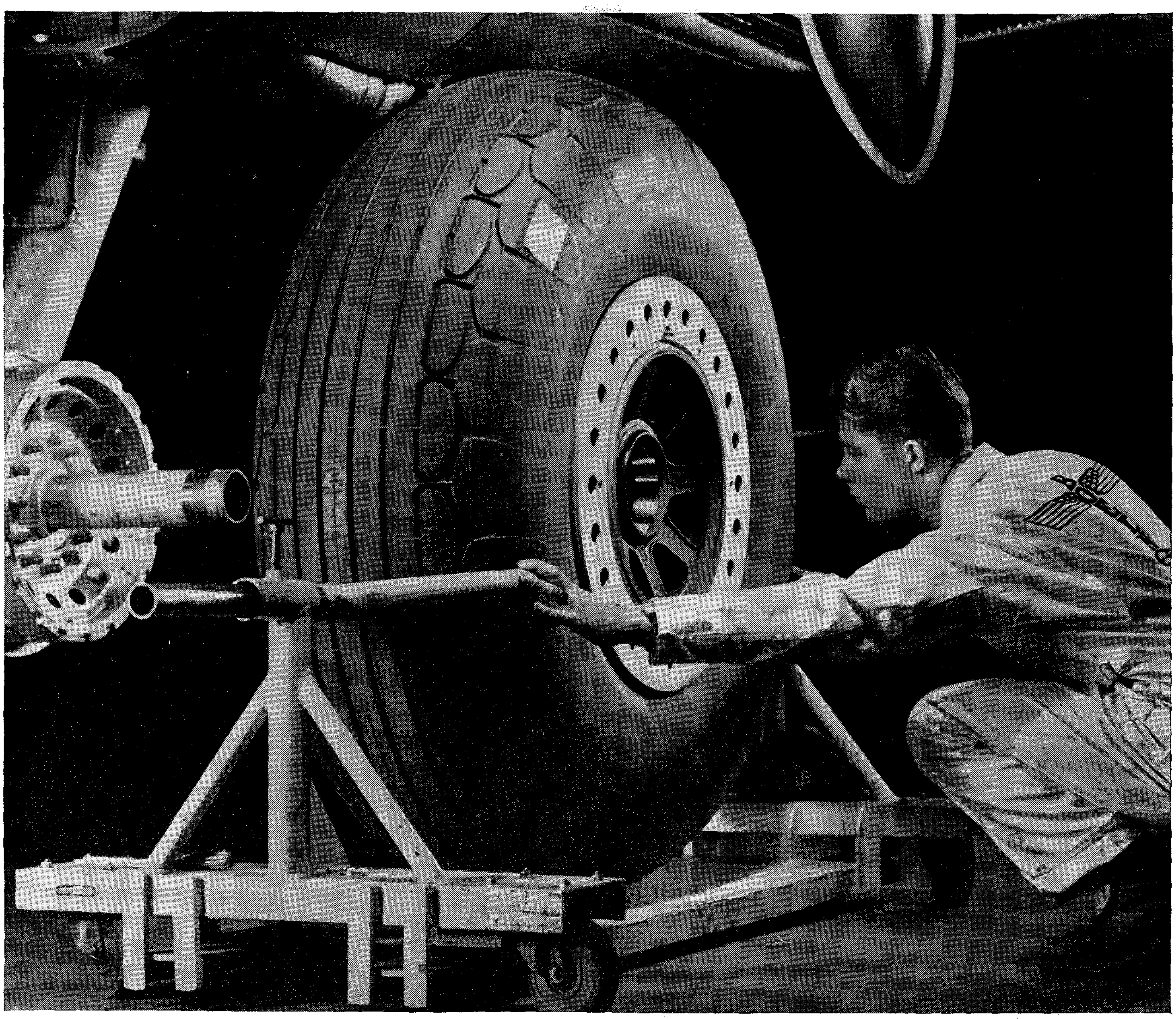
TITLE CHANGE OF THE WEEK: Despite the popularity of the song and the fact that it is sung in the picture, San Francisco has insisted that the title of the picture, "Hello, Frisco, Hello," be changed. The studio may have to call it, "Hello, Frisco, Hello." —*The Post.*

They'll just have to grin and bear it.



Easy does it

One of the most important jobs at Boeing is making other Boeing jobs easier . . . simplifying procedures so that, despite shortages of skilled workers, production constantly goes upward.

Above is pictured an example of this easy-does-it manufacturing philosophy—a simple device, but it illustrates the point: the Boeing-developed wheel-installation dolly, by means of which *one* worker slips quarter-ton wheels onto the axles of Boeing Flying Fortresses.* The wheel, held firmly on the dolly by adjustable arms, is rolled into position on casters. Once the wheel is slipped over the landing-gear axle, the arms of the dolly are moved back . . . and the job is done.

This is but a simple example, and only one among hundreds, of the constant effort in Boeing plants (at Seattle and Renton, Washington, Wichita, Kansas, and Vancouver, B. C.) to achieve maximum production efficiency with a minimum of human exertion, through improved tools and handling equipment . . . an effort which has contributed to *the highest output per man, machine and unit of plant space,* among all manufacturers of aircraft.

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THE HOMESTEAD

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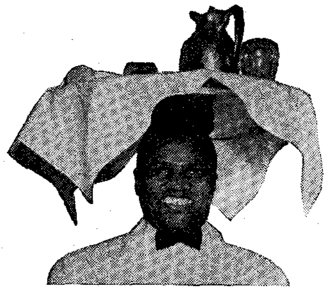

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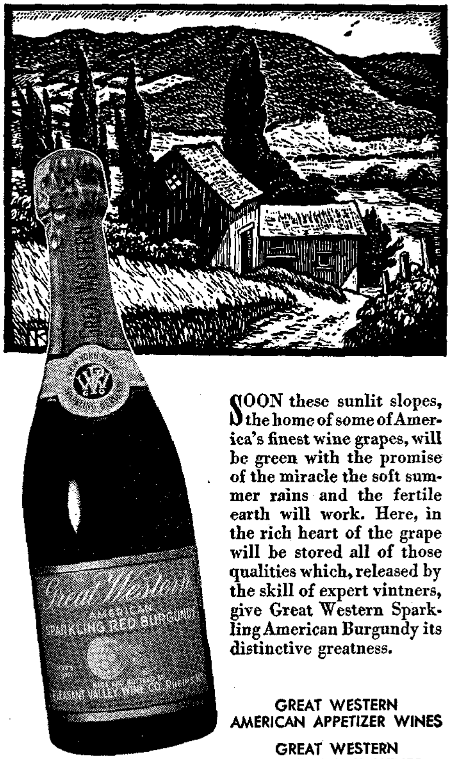

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THE THEATRE

PENROD, GERMAN STYLE

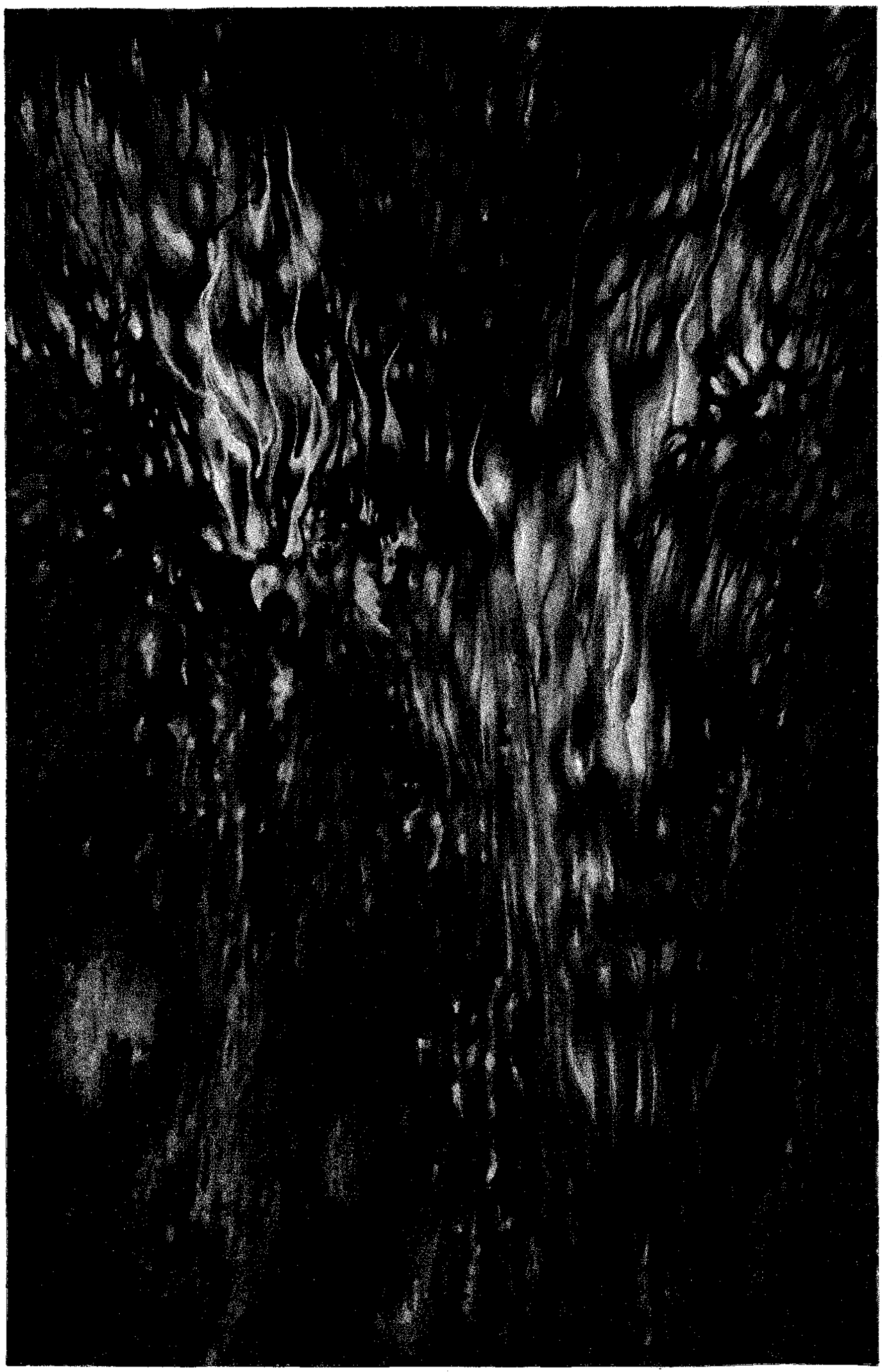
EVEN in dealing with the war, it is just possible that playwrights can be a little too vehement. In "Tomorrow the World," for instance, James Gow and Arnaud d'Usseau present us with the portrait of a twelve-year-old Nazi demon who might easily be regarded as implausible by the authors of a propaganda comic strip. This child, somehow spirited out of Germany in the fall of 1942, not only expresses the usual Fascist contempt for the soft principles of democracy but also mutilates the portrait of his father, a distinguished liberal murdered by the Gestapo, calls his widowed uncle's fiancée a Jewish whore, and tries to assassinate his young cousin with a bookend when she catches him robbing a desk while digging up military information. During most of the first act, he wears a Hitler Youth Movement uniform, complete with swastika armbands and a long, sharp knife, and I'm sorry to say I found the whole business rather excessive. Hard, however, as it is to accept this juvenile monster, it seems to me harder to believe that ten days, even in the high moral climate of a Middle Western college town, would be enough to wipe out several years of totalitarian conditioning. It would be nice to think that the master-race fixation is something that can be cleared up as simply and rapidly as a cold in the head, but I'm afraid that our postwar problems in Germany are going to be a little more complicated than anything indicated on the stage at the Ethel Barrymore.

I commit this minor assault on "Tomorrow the World" reluctantly, because it is obviously a sincere and thoughtful piece of work. The trouble with it probably is that Mr. Gow and Mr. d'Usseau, being comparatively inexperienced in the theatre, have overestimated the concessions that it is necessary to make to popular taste. They are discussing a grave problem—there are, according to the authors, no less than twelve million German adolescents who will eventually have to be persuaded that freedom is in many ways a more satisfactory condition than slavery—but unfortunately they have chosen to employ the flatly black-and-white technique of melodrama, so the skeptical customer, no matter how enthusiastically he may respond emotionally, is apt to leave with quite a few reservations still troubling his mind. Within its limits, "Tomorrow the World" is a good play—a sound idea worked out in literate if fairly elementary terms. It only seems too bad that it couldn't have been a fine one.

Dubious as I am about a good deal that takes place on the stage, I have no misgivings whatever about the acting. Cast as the fiendish little expatriate, a twelve-year-old radio actor called Skippy Homeier goes through a long and demanding part (maintaining a convincing German accent is just one of his difficulties) with what looked to me very much like brilliance, and he is clearly the star of the evening. The others, charged for the most part with portraying the not especially dramatic quality of Christian forbearance, are all excellent under these trying conditions. Ralph Bellamy, on parole from the cinema, almost made me believe that a college professor might allow a small edition of Hitler to stay in his house in spite of various attempts to break up his marriage, wreck his career, and murder his daughter. It is true that Mr. Bellamy is once driven to an earnest attempt to throttle his guest, but generally speaking he behaves with superhuman restraint. Shirley Booth has her usual brisk authority as his Jewish fiancée, and there are good, sensible performances by Edit Angold, Dorothy Sands, and Richard Taber. The little girl who is assaulted with the bookend is being played alternately by Nancy Nugent and Joyce Van Patten. I saw Miss Van Patten and it is hard to imagine any improvement. Elliott Nugent's carefully reticent direction is undoubtedly responsible for making a good many very unlikely situations seem comparatively reasonable.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

In a Magic Garden



Like some enchanted garden, music is a refuge from the dark tumult of our times. Outside are wars, familiar days, and searchings of the heart. Within is inspiration, and walks edged with beauty and peace.

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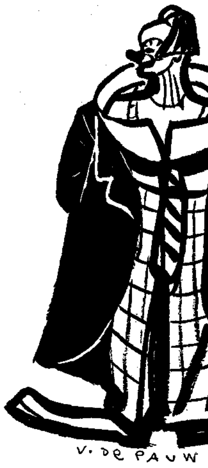
OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENTS

WASHINGTON, D.C.
APRIL 15

YOU certainly meet a lot of peculiar people here these days. I don't mean people like Harry Hopkins or Senator Nye, who might be considered very peculiar indeed, depending which side of the administrative fence you find yourself on. I mean someone like the elderly lobbyist I met one night at the Shoreham Hotel. He resembled the Fat Man in "The Maltese Falcon," except that he wasn't really sinister at all, just odd. He was in town trying to persuade the proper parties to save some nineteenth-century locomotives from the scrap-metal campaign. It seems that scattered about the country are several dozen antique steam engines which have been hidden away from volunteer scrap collectors, their whereabouts known only to a clique of old-locomotive worshippers, and it was the Fat Man's admittedly tough job to make their seclusion patriotic. His was a rough, though righteous, path, he said, and he got more and more lugubrious as we had a few drinks and the evening wore on. "They're only *little* locomotives," he whimpered softly near midnight, absorbing straight bourbon, "thirty, forty tons. Tiny metal objects of irreplaceable historical value." I haven't learned how he made out.

Another bizarre type was a mild, kindly East Indian whom I ran into in a cafeteria of the Pentagon Building. He told me he was staying in Washington to be near Franklin D. Roosevelt, whom he described as "one of the greatest teachers in the world today." He didn't expect ever actually to meet the President. That wasn't the idea. It seems that Roosevelt's emanations are everywhere in the capital, and particularly strong in Potomac Park, south of the White House. Here our East Indian walked in contemplative moments. The tremors of tolerance and the dawn of an exalted way of human life are noticeable all around, he said. I was so fascinated by this talk, amid the clatter of trays, that I accepted an invitation to visit the East Indian's small apartment on H Street, where I watched him sit cross-legged on the floor and breathe, his eyes fixed in meditation upon a large photograph of the President.



NOT all of Washington's peculiar folk are as happy as the East Indian. Walking across a patch of lawn to get to the footpath around the Tidal Basin, I bumped into a stout, breathless lady who came counterclockwise around the trunk of a Japanese cherry tree which I was circling clockwise. She was, it turned out, a self-appointed guardian of the famous cherry trees. She demanded to know what I had been up to, cutting across the lawn past the cherry tree that way. I explained that I wanted to reach the footpath around the Basin. "You were going to harm that tree," she said. I managed to reassure her and she calmed down. She then announced that people nowadays were inclined to *sneer* at the cherry trees and that acts of violence, in the form of hatchet wounds and snapped branches, had been committed on some of them since Pearl Harbor. As I walked away, she pulled out a large package of plant food from a shopping bag on her arm and began sprinkling it on the ground around the tree. "God made this tree exactly as he made the American elm!" she called after me sternly.

One of the most irritable and unhappy men in town is a small Vermonter who works for the Office of Price Administration. I suppose he could very easily be unhappy over panic buying, rifts in price ceilings, or a small but persistent black market in shelled nuts, but he isn't. He is tortured by a recently discovered phobia. He can't stand Southern girls with double first names. When he hears a name like Emmy-Lou, or when he has to utter one, it's like what happens to some people when they hear the scratch of metal on glass. Only worse. In his office he is surrounded, or so he thinks, by girls with double first names. He poured out his troubles to me at lunch at Harvey's. "When I first came here," he said, "I couldn't believe there was *really* any person with a name like Emmy-Lou. Then I *met* a girl in my office named Emmy-Lou. Then my new secretary came, and she's Phoebe-Rose. Within fifty yards of me in the office there's Sue-Ann, Jo-Ann, Lou-Ann, Sally-Mae, and Cissy-Sue. It's horrible. Lately I'd been having nightmares about a girl with three first names and yesterday, by God, she showed up—a new typist, Chloe-Lou-Belle. Sometimes I think I can't face them." I said I understood.

Another malcontent is a thwarted dreamer who came up to me in the hall of the new Commerce Department Building. Without any introduction he asked me what I thought of our shipping losses. When I said that they were pretty bad, all right, he said that you said it they were, and wouldn't I think that the National Inventors' Council, which has headquarters in that building, would be eager to do something about them? It developed that, for the sixth time this month, he had just angrily left the Council's offices because, according to him, the receptionist there had been disparaging, as usual, about his plan for an untorpedoable ship. "I approach the problem as a realistic engineer," he said. "This talk about building ships of twenty-two knots to exceed a submarine's surface speed and so make them immune is all nonsense. So is some wild scheme I've heard to ship goods in a train of crewless, electrically controlled barges which would scatter at an impulse from the mother ship when submarines were detected in the vicinity. My plan has the advantage of simplicity and available materials." What he wanted to do was to sheathe the hulls of our merchant ships with wood six feet thick, thereby forming a resilient, shock-absorbent layer which, he said, would safely detonate every torpedo a U-boat captain could send against it. "With this protection ships could sail harmlessly through any sea," he said. "The Nazis would get so discouraged wasting their torpedoes that they'd just sheepishly put back to port."

Although the locomotive preserver, the tree guardian, the double-name hater, and the inventor all have problems of a sort, none of them, in my opinion, is any worse off than a hard-working amateur ornithologist here. On weekends, when he is not on duty at a clerical job in the Treasury Department, he is trying to take a bird census of the District of Columbia. He has divided the District into so many acres of streets, parks, marshland, upland, yards, and water areas. He would be progressing nicely were it not that the wartime bustle of the capital militates heavily against getting a normal count. "Parks, naturally, are part of my project, and near some of them the government buildings with all-night shifts are driving nervous birds to the country," he said. Other important population areas are blocks of old-fashioned houses with front and back yards in which robins, sparrows, wrens, and warblers are apt to nest. "With more of these being torn down every day to build apartment houses, it's enough to discourage even the most patient census-taker," he sighed. I could think of no way to comfort him.

PERHAPS the best-adjusted eccentric I've encountered is a fellow who followed me along Massachusetts Avenue not long ago. For half a block something behind me kept making a noise like an irritated red squirrel, but every time I turned around the only living thing in sight was a seedy-looking middle-aged man about fifty feet to my rear. Finally I accused *him* of making the noise like a red squirrel, and with amusement he admitted it. He was a self-taught ventriloquist, he told me, and he brightens up his life in the capital by practicing his faculty in incongruous circumstances. One of his favorite haunts is Statuary Hall, in the Capitol Building, where each state in the Union has been given the privilege of displaying three-dimensional likenesses of two of its distinguished deceased citizens. Visitors wander around here, the residents of any given state usually lingering longest before some native son. For instance, a party from Oklahoma is likely to gather in front of the statue of Sequoyah. The ventriloquist goes to work on them from a safe distance, throwing his voice into the centre of the group. "Just like Oklahoma to stick some damned Indian up in this hall," he remarks. Invariably the Oklahomans glance outragedly about them and then move off, flushed and uneasy. The ventriloquist has an uncomplimentary remark about practically every statue in the hall. "Oh, merrily, merrily do I live here," he finally said to me, paraphrasing Ariel, and made off, while a fashionably dressed woman across the street jumped at the bark of a dog behind her.

—EUGENE KINKEAD

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Here's an idea for dressing up the homely hamburger: Form meat into fairly thin patties and arrange on a pre-heated grill with ripe halved tomatoes. Season. Broil until lightly browned. Turn, and add to the grill peeled ba-
meat is cooked and bananas are
tender. Bananas for broiling
—*Philadelphia Record.*

Wait a minute—you've turned that enough!

Glider Photographs, Courtesy Timm Aircraft Corp.

RE-PRODUCTION LINE 2500 MILES LONG

all hatched from the same nest . . .

Look at the map of America. Look at Michigan, Ohio or California . . . at Pennsylvania, Indiana or Tennessee . . . but wherever you look you'll see some part of the far-flung production line which is turning out WACO 9- and 15-place, troop-carrying gliders for the Army Air Corps.

It's a strange sort of production line . . . not at all like the vast, under-one-roof affairs in the newsreels. There wasn't time for that because the Army wanted gliders—NOW! No, it's a lot of plants in a lot of places . . . fifteen other aircraft plants plus scores of others which are supplying parts or sub-assemblies. But, today, wherever they are and whatever they were, they're all a part of the same production line . . . all working from the same blue-prints.

These blue-prints came from the drawing boards of WACO engineers . . . and from these blue-prints are now emerging the gliders which may one day soon carry the hard hitting air-borne infantry over and behind every fighting front. The news communiques probably will refer to them merely as CG-3A and CG-4A gliders. But we'll always know them as WACO gliders because they'll all be of WACO design . . . all hatched from the same nest.

THE WACO AIRCRAFT COMPANY, Troy, Ohio

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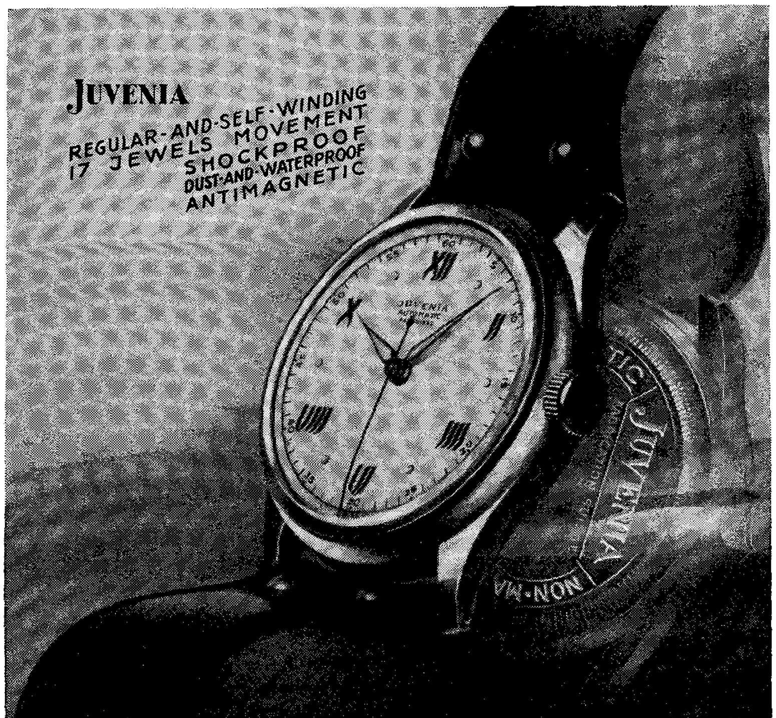

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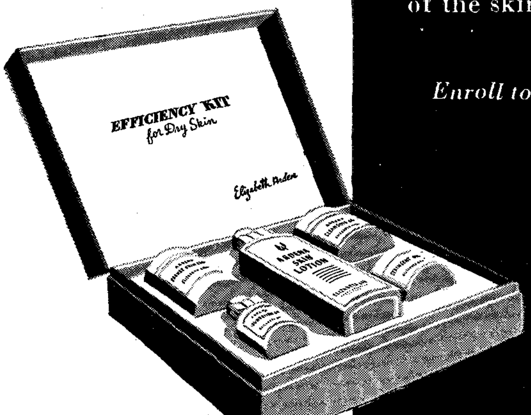
You change imperceptibly in spite of yourself, but only you can determine whether the change is for the better... An Efficiency Plan will chart a health and beauty program to make a bright future more secure... Since time is vital, this plan is concentrated, gets down to essentials fast. Here minutes are magic and every minute is well spent.

Plan A... 8 class lessons, plus private "Special Emphasis" treatments, coordinate health and beauty building in a highly individualized program. You receive an Efficiency Kit containing the Essentials for home care of the skin...50.00

Plan B...a program of scientific relaxation plus time-saving personal grooming for health and beauty...a face treatment, body massage, shampoo, wave, and manicure every week for 4 weeks...32.50

Plan C...concise class instruction in new, swift methods of developing health, beauty, and good grooming: including an Efficiency Kit containing the Essentials for home care of the skin. Eight lessons...25.00

Enroll today at the Elizabeth Arden Salon



TO SERVE YOU WELL
WHILE YOU SERVE OTHERS

An Efficiency Kit containing the essential preparations for skin care ...FOR DRY SKIN—Ardena Cleansing Cream, Ardena Skin Lotion, Ardena Orange Skin Cream, Ardena Astringent Oil, and Ardena Feather-Light Foundation, 5.50. Kits also for OILY, NORMAL and BLEMISHED SKIN from 5.50 to 6.00 (All prices plus taxes)

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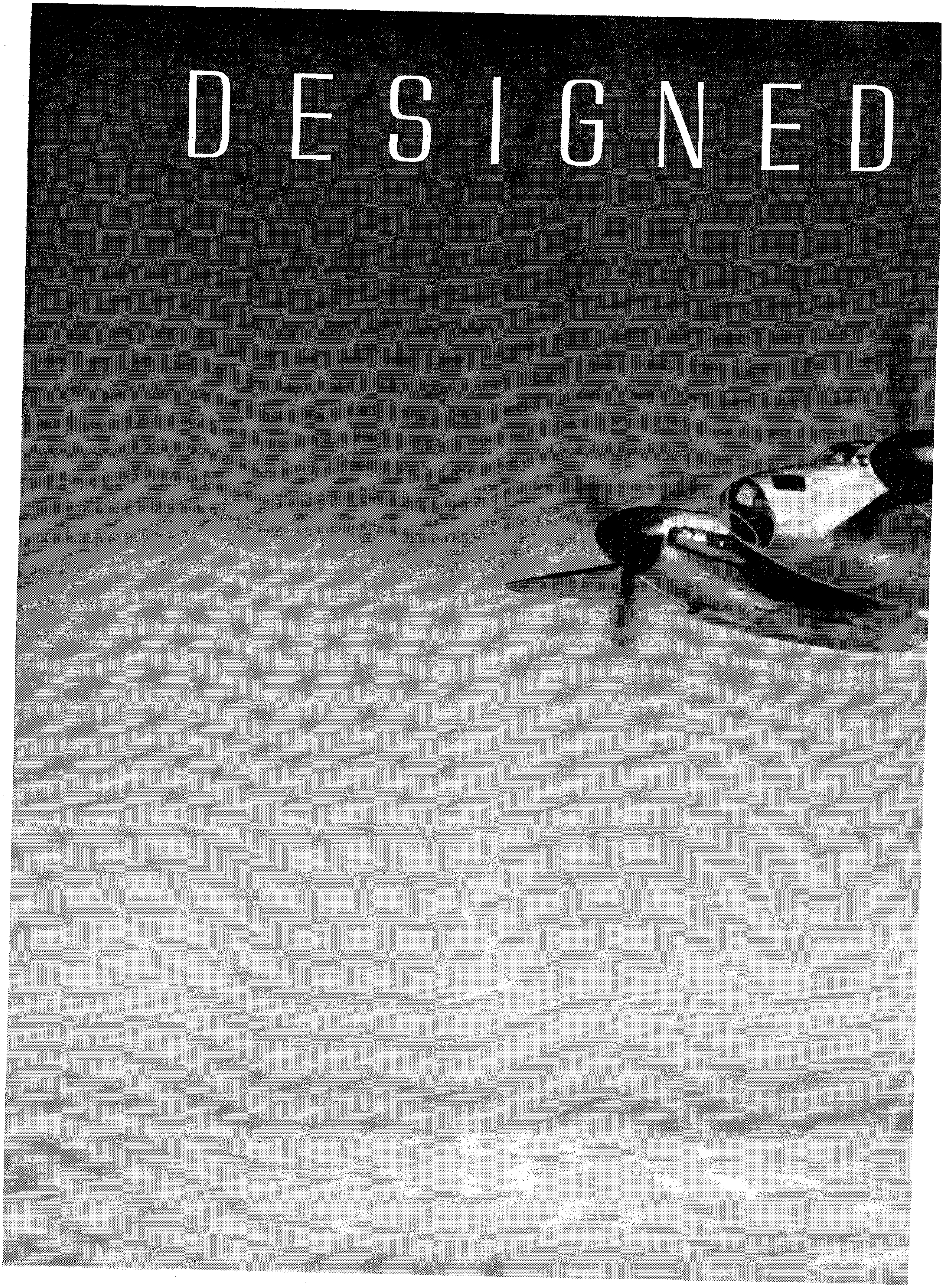

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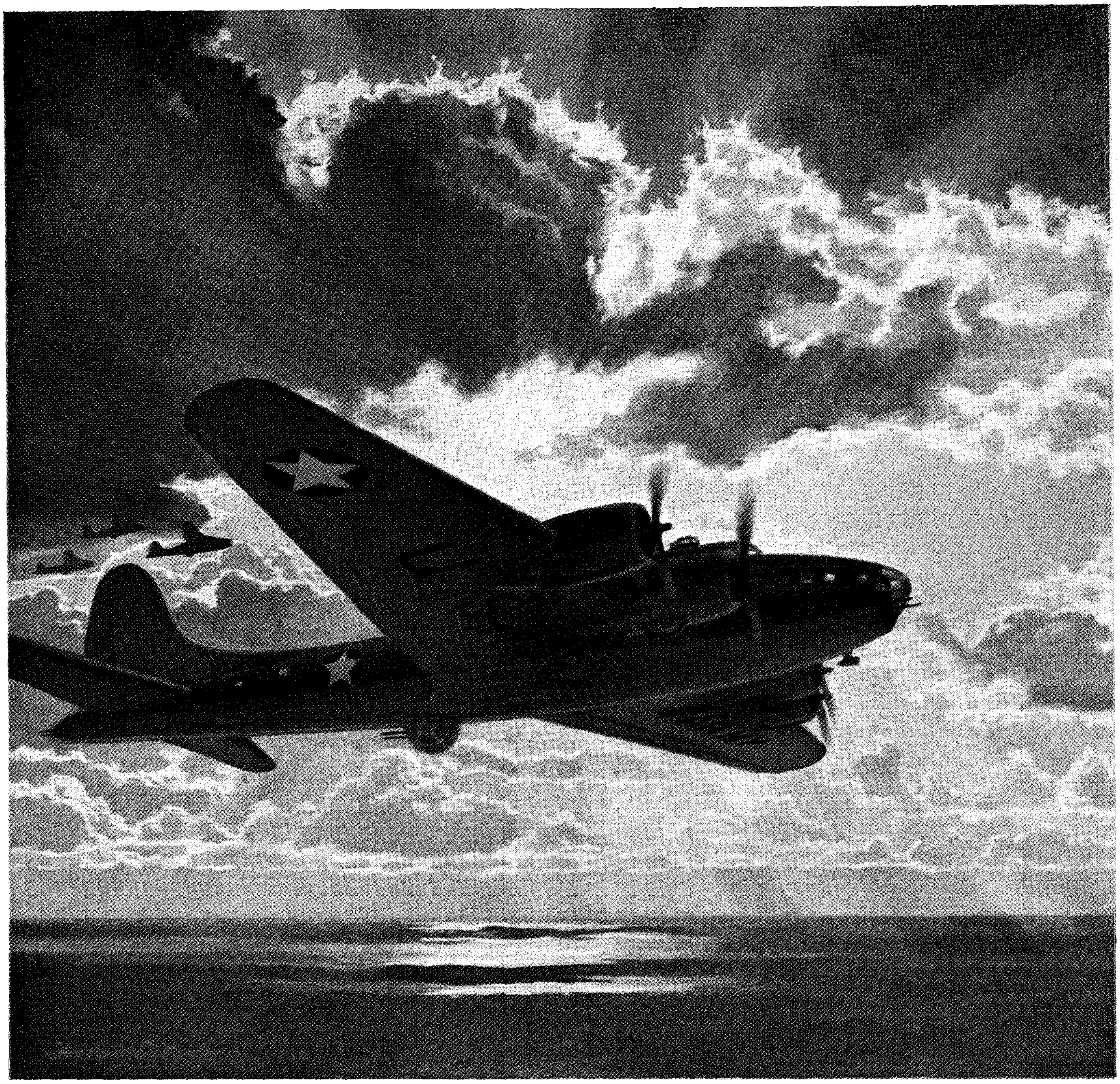

Reprinted by request

Many requests have been received for copies of this dramatic Flying Fortress picture. Reprints, 24 x 22 inches, free from advertising, are now available on a special heavy stock suitable for framing. If you wish one, address Studebaker, South Bend, Indiana, enclosing 10¢ to cover mailing cost.

When the above Flying Fortress picture was first published in Studebaker advertisements last Fall, America's air might was just beginning to be felt in the Pacific and European war theaters. Today the Flying Fortress is spearheading one successful offensive operation after another. And every Studebaker man, who is privileged to help build Wright Cyclone engines for this invincible dreadnaught of the skies, follows the news of Flying Fortress victories with justifiable personal gratification in a job well done. Besides producing large quantities of Wright Cyclone engines for this devastating Boeing bomber, Studebaker is also turning out much other war matériel, including tens of thousands of big, multiple-drive military trucks. Studebaker is honored by its assignments in the arming of our Nation and its Allies.

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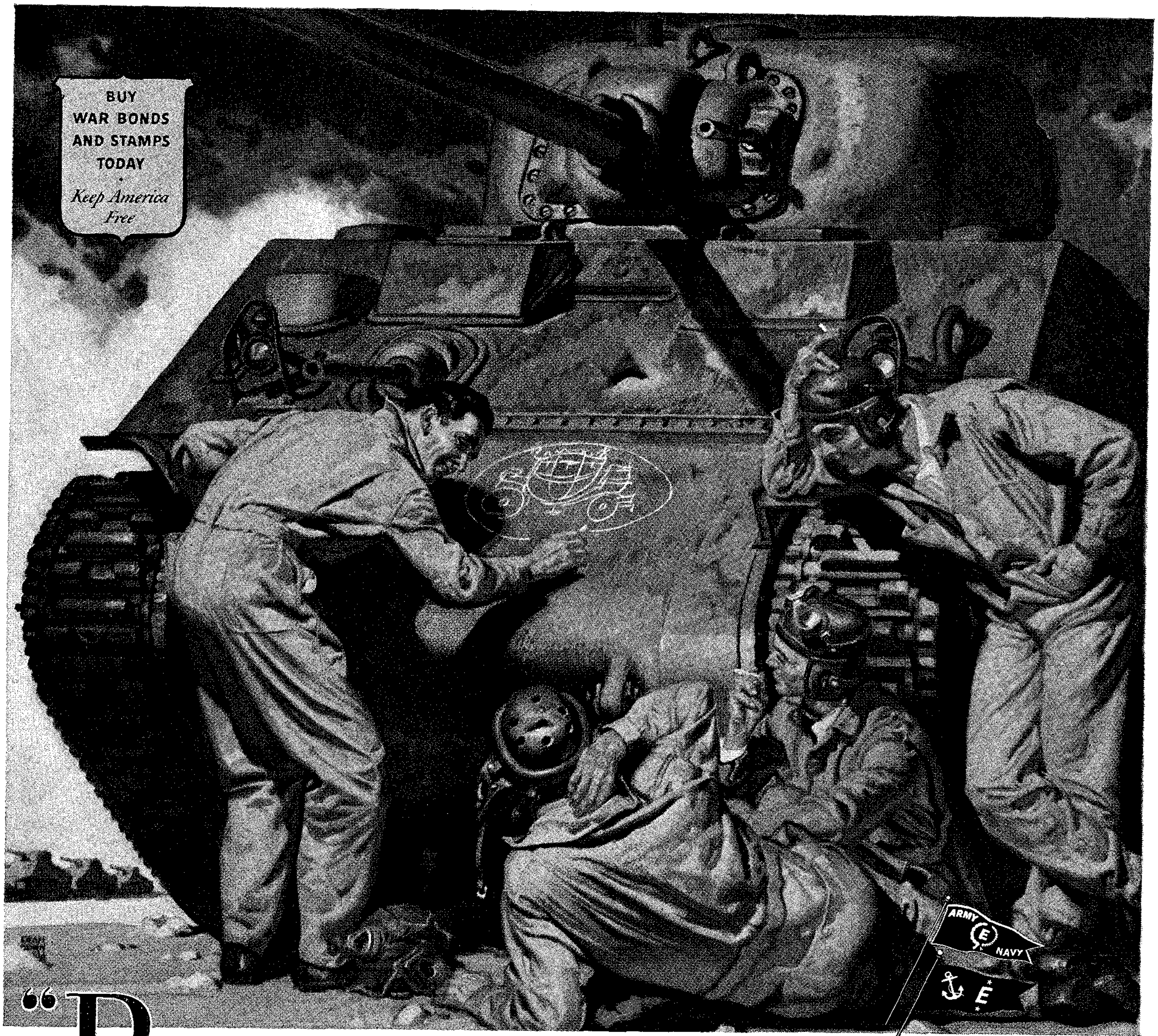

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First in the automotive industry to fly the Navy "E" with two stars, Fisher has also been awarded the Army-Navy "E" for its ahead-of-schedule tank production.

Our fighting men have a tough job to do, and they are doing it.

They are finding out, in all parts of the world, what they have to work with. They are the best judges of the weapons with which American industry is supplying them.

They know just how fast the General Sherman M-4 medium tank will go—how accurate that seventy-five is—and whether or not direct hits will bounce off the armor plate.

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Here at Fisher, we want to make sure it's the *right* answer. That's why we give our tanks, bombers, and anti-aircraft guns the best we've got in us. We're using every craft we've mastered, every special skill we've developed—and they add up to an impressive number—to give our armed forces that all-important edge.

Come the pinches, craftsmanship always counts. And it's only natural that our fighting men should rate such craftsmanship as "better than a rabbit's foot."

armament ~~BODY~~ BY Fisher

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National Theatre, W. 41 St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

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LUNT·FONTANNE
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MR. LUNT and
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MARTIN BECK
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SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS
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and DEAN MURPHY
Staged by JOHN MURRAY ANDERSON
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2 SHOWS SAT. & SUN. 2:35 & 8:35

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OLSEN & JOHNSON
in their Screamlined Musical
SONS O' FUN
46th ST. THEATRE, West of B'way
Evgs. at 8:20. • 2 SHOWS SAT. & SUN.

Michael Myerberg *presents*
Tallulah BANKHEAD • Fredric MARCH • Florence ELDRIDGE
IN
The Skin of Our Teeth
A new comedy by
THORNTON WILDER
with Company of 40 and Florence REED
PLYMOUTH, W. 45th. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

OF ALL THINGS

It was Mussolini's painful duty to go to the latest Axis conference and listen to Hitler for four days. It must have been a relief for the Duce to get back to the peace and quiet of Italy.

•

Tojo has decreed death for those who criticize his war policy. Any Japanese who does not like the way his Premier is running the world can get out of it.

•

It should be obvious to Rommel that his days in Africa are numbered. Any fortune teller could predict that he is soon to make a sea voyage.

•

Hitler's fifty-fourth birthday was unobserved by Americans from coast to coast. The general feeling is that there have been far too many of those things already.

•

The Nazis are shocked by Churchill's vulgar phrase, "the underbelly of Europe," and suggest the more refined word "abdomen." Whatever the thing is, it aches.

•

The R.A.F. believes that the most effective raiding is done at night. Our fliers, on the contrary, prefer to visit the Germans by daylight and bomb it out of them.

•

The WPB has found it necessary to authorize manufacturers to resume the production of alarm clocks. Investigation showed that our workers were sleeping not wisely but too well.

•

Elmer Davis's job is getting harder every day. Now he has to give out information about the war in the OWI.

•

Secretary Knox says that our Navy will be increased a hundred per cent this year. We can all take that kind of double talk.

•

Newspaper men feel that they should be allowed to attend the international conference at Hot Springs. They want to hear all the talk about food and maybe get a little. —Howard Brubaker

METROPOLITAN OPERA HOUSE
ENGAGEMENT EXTENDED TO MAY 9
S. HUROK
presents A Gala Spring Season
RUSSIAN BALLET
by the
BALLET THEATRE
featuring
Markova • Massine • Baronova • Dolin
Eglevsky • Tudor • Conrad • Kaye • Lyon
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EVENINGS INCL. SUNDAYS 8:30—85c TO $3.85
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THE THEATRE GUILD'S NEW MUSICAL PLAY
OKLAHOMA!
Based on the play "Green Grow the Lilacs" by LYNN RIGGS
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
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Production Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
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GEORGE ABBOTT'S COMEDY HIT
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by F. HUGH HERBERT
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BILTMORE THEATRE • W. 47th ST.
EVES. 8:40 • MATINEES WED. and SAT.

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GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
In the Most Successful Musical of the Century
"LADY IN THE DARK"
BROADWAY THEATRE, Broadway at 53 St.
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ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
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A new Comedy by
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MATINEE & EVENING PERFS. SAT. & SUN.
LE GALLIENNE · SCHILDKRAUT
UNCLE HARRY
"A HIT" Watts
HUDSON Thea., 44th St. East of B'way. Eves. 8:40
"CLICK" Winchell

the job, and he is kicked around considerably by the Germans, as you might also suppose. His subsequent escape, however, is conducted along lines that are not quite so probable, and the ending, which you may as well know is cheerful, puts something of a strain on the old credulity. By way of compensation is the presence in the cast of a new face, belonging to a certain Pierre Aumont, who plays both Frenchmen. Susan Peters plays the part of both Frenchmen's girl. She doesn't approve of the collaborationist leanings of the first but apparently likes his looks, because, when the second one comes along, she takes to him right away, not knowing that a switch has been pulled on her.

THE team of Jon Hall, Maria Montez, and young Sabu, all of whom appeared in "Arabian Nights" not long ago, is back again in a tale of the South Sea Islands called "White Savage" but doesn't yet threaten the prestige of Hepburn and Tracy or Crosby, Hope, and Lamour. The writers of "White Savage," furthermore, got themselves kind of crossed up when they carelessly put a character named Tamara in the story. The way it worked out, they have other, serious-minded characters saying things like "Well, how are you feeling today, Tamara?" —DAVID LARDNER

•

Take it from Col. I. M. Madison of the Army, the "most perfect" WAAC is Lt. Vera Joy H—— of Philadelphia (above), now stationed at Minneapolis to aid in recruiting WAAC auxiliaries. He disputed the claim of Forth Worth, Texas, that a recruit there had ideal measurements, and pointed out that Lieut. H—— is the standard 5 feet 8 inches, weighs 140 pounds, has a bust measurement of 35 inches, and is without a blemish on her body.—*Picture caption in the Savannah Press.*

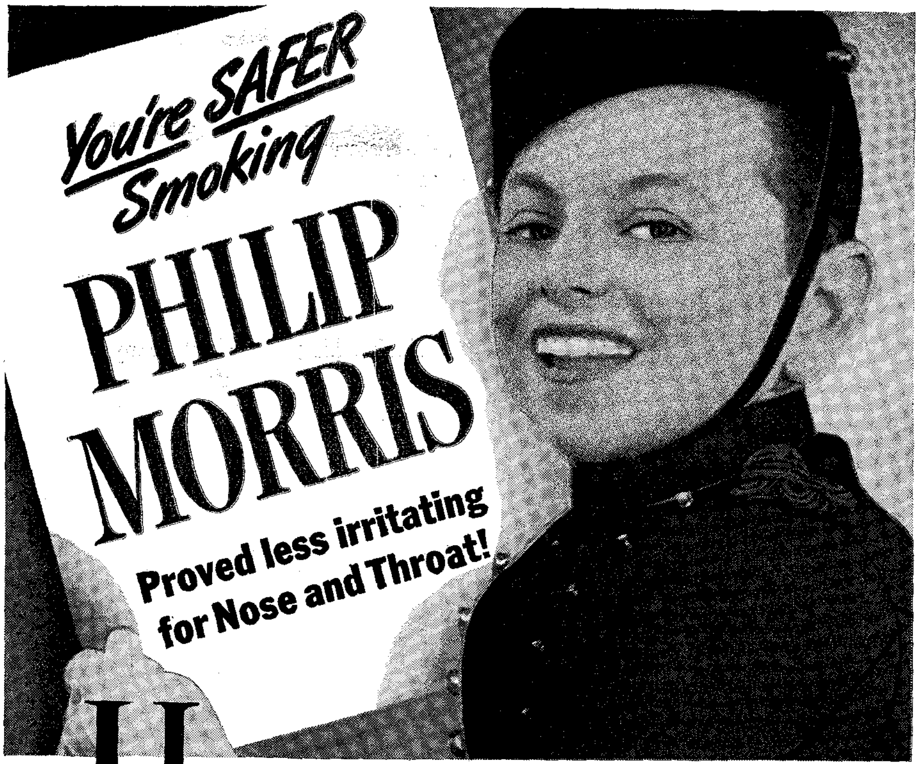
Colonel, you old dog!

•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From the Library Journal*]

For instance, one library has been trying each year for several years to get a small increase in the cataloger's salary, as a means for the college to show its appreciation in a material way for the superior work she is doing. The raise did not materialize, but the need of some recognition by the college of her achievements was still there; therefore, this year, although her salary was not increased, she was voted full faculty status by the trustees of the college. No matter what the problem may be, if the goal cannot be reached by one method, there is always another method which will accomplish the desired results in the end.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*Government figures show smoking at all-time peak.

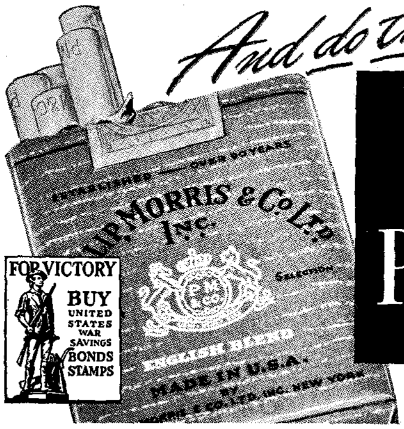
WHETHER *you* are smoking *more*—or smoking less—this is a good thing to know:

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, every case of irritation of nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely or definitely improved!

That was reported in medical journals by distinguished doctors—their findings in work with actual men and women smokers.

NOTE we do not claim any curative power for PHILIP MORRIS. But this evidence *clearly proves* them *far less irritating* to the nose and throat . . . protection added to pleasure.

And do they taste GOOD!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FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS STAMPS

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's FINEST Cigarette

What's Cookin'?

Blackie: "I can't see what's on the fire, Whitey."

Whitey: "Be patient, Blackie—there's always pleasure ahead where we are concerned."

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EIGHT YEARS OLD

You said a mouthful!
BLACK & WHITE *always* gives pleasure because every drop of this famous Scotch is 8 years old. And every bottle comes from Scotland's choice reserves accumulated before the war started! Remember—shipments are still coming in—so now, as always—ask for BLACK & WHITE.

"BLACK & WHITE"
The Scotch with Character
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF
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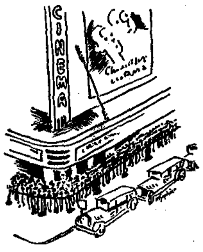
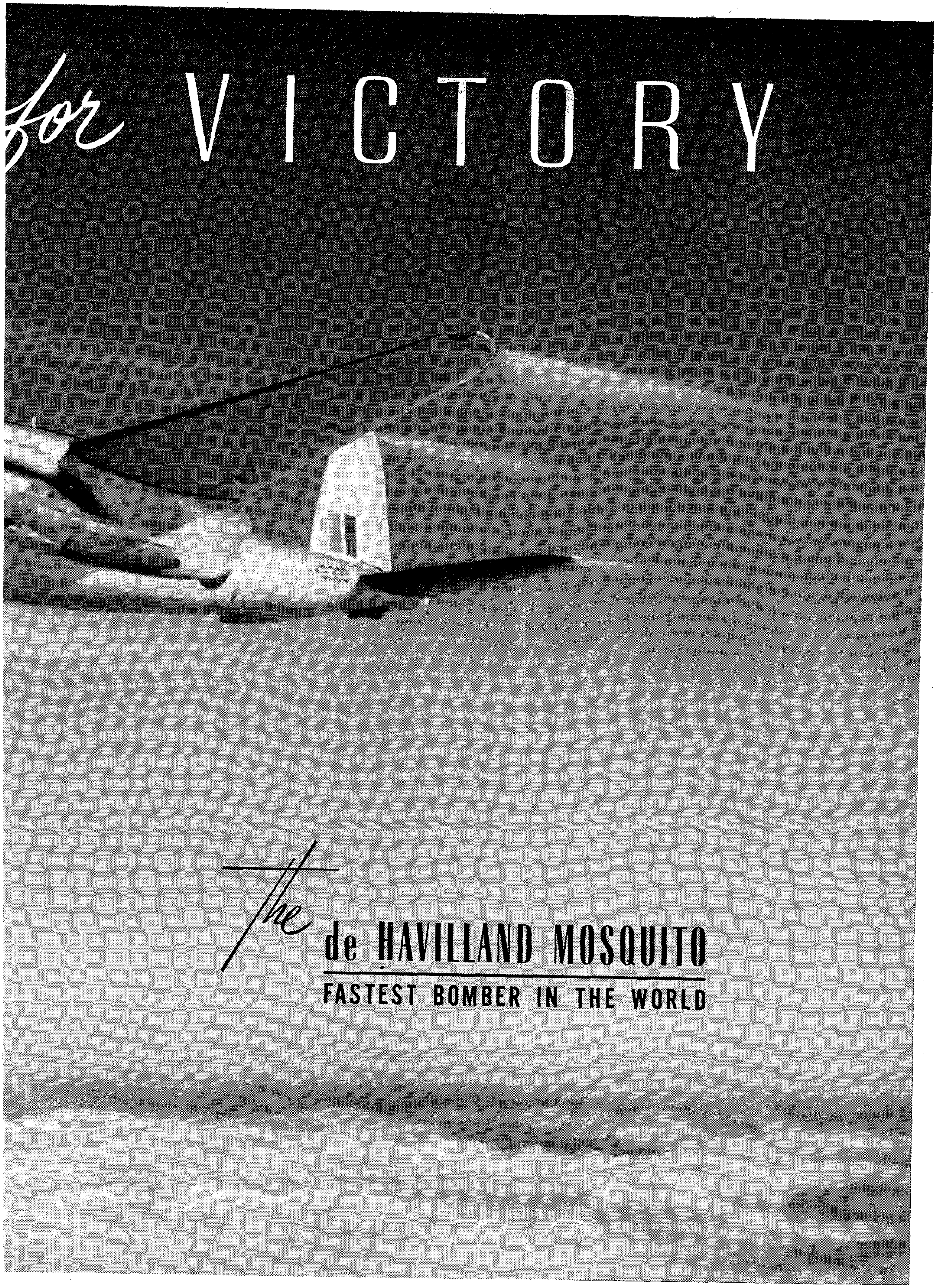
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Drug on the Market



COMMANDOS have fired the imagination of Hollywood to such an extent that all the extinguishing apparatus in the town and possibly in the neighboring communities of Beverly Hills and Culver City had better be called out quick. It may be too late, at that, because the blaze has already spread to all the studios, and some of them have been pretty well gutted. The ones that have been the hardest hit are those that have made pictures about raids on Norway and then come back and attacked the coast of France, leaving themselves precious little territory to go after next. Perhaps the whole trend seems especially heavy because the British, who practically invented the Commando, have also been making screen fare of him, and right from the start. In any case, the best way to take the movie mind off the subject would probably be to establish a second front in Europe, a consideration that will surely step up the timetable of the Allies now that it has been pointed out to them. Meanwhile, there is, on the bright side, the fact that the entire film-reviewing trade and no doubt a good portion of the public could run through a Commando raid blindfolded by this time. All most of us need is some preliminary body-building to make a shambles of a German submarine base.

The latest variation on this popular theme is "Assignment in Brittany," in which the groundwork for the destruction of a German base is laid by a Frenchman working for British Intelligence. He is landed by parachute near the home town of another Frenchman, a collaborationist whom the British have captured and whom their man closely resembles. The scheme, of course, calls for the spy's impersonating the prisoner, locating the submarine base, and broadcasting the location to headquarters by short-wave radio. The merit of this kind of story depends a good deal on how carefully it sticks to likelihood and avoids the more astonishing coincidences. This one goes along doing all right for quite a while. The spy is detected, as you might reasonably suppose when you consider the hazards of


for VICTORY
the de HAVILLAND MOSQUITO
FASTEST BOMBER IN THE WORLD

A REPORTER IN ENGLAND

THE BLESSED RIVETS

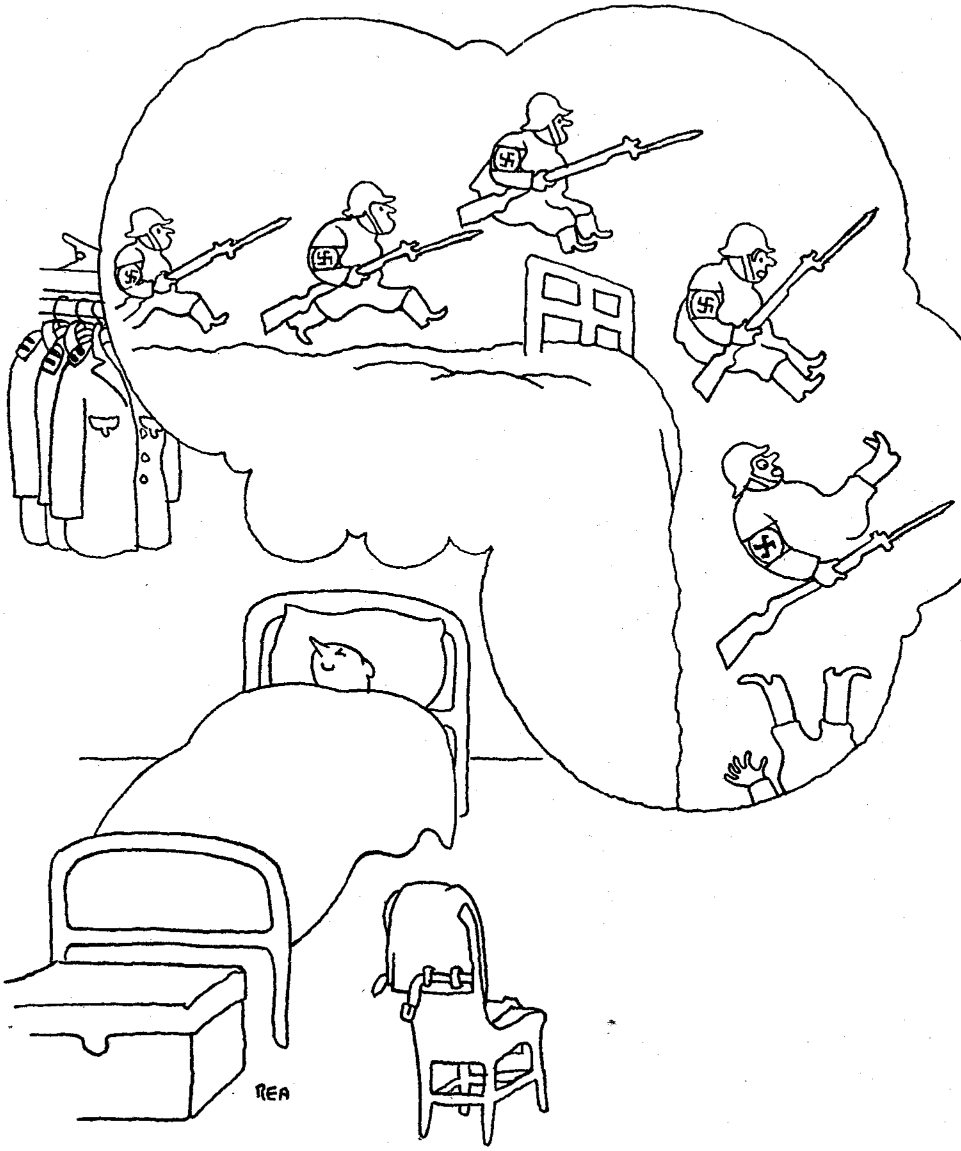
WHEN you think of a war-production plant, you probably think of acres of noisy factories, with lathes humming, whistles blowing, and so on. The other day I went through a war-production plant in Surrey which was not in the least like that. It was one of the part-time shops, operated mostly by women, that are being started up here and there in rural districts of England. These are little factories behind the big factories, quietly plugging away with unskilled local labor on small and simple but essential parts of guns, planes, and tanks, parts which later will save valuable time for the skilled workers who need them on the big assembly lines. Often the new pocket-size plants are hastily extemporized in surroundings one would not ordinarily associate with war industry—at the community vicarage, for instance, or in somebody's garage, or the studio Mary used after she took that year in Paris. It's likely that the number of small village shops will increase, since the Minister of Labour has recently made a fresh cast over Britain's available womanpower and hooked a great catch of housewives up to the age of forty-five. With few exceptions, all such ladies, although they are possibly as overworked a bunch as any in England today, must now take a part-time job. Part-time shops in rural communities, where a housewife can leave her stove and be at a work bench simply by popping across the street, are a fine solution for country dwellers, who otherwise would have to travel half the day to get back and forth to work in a city factory.

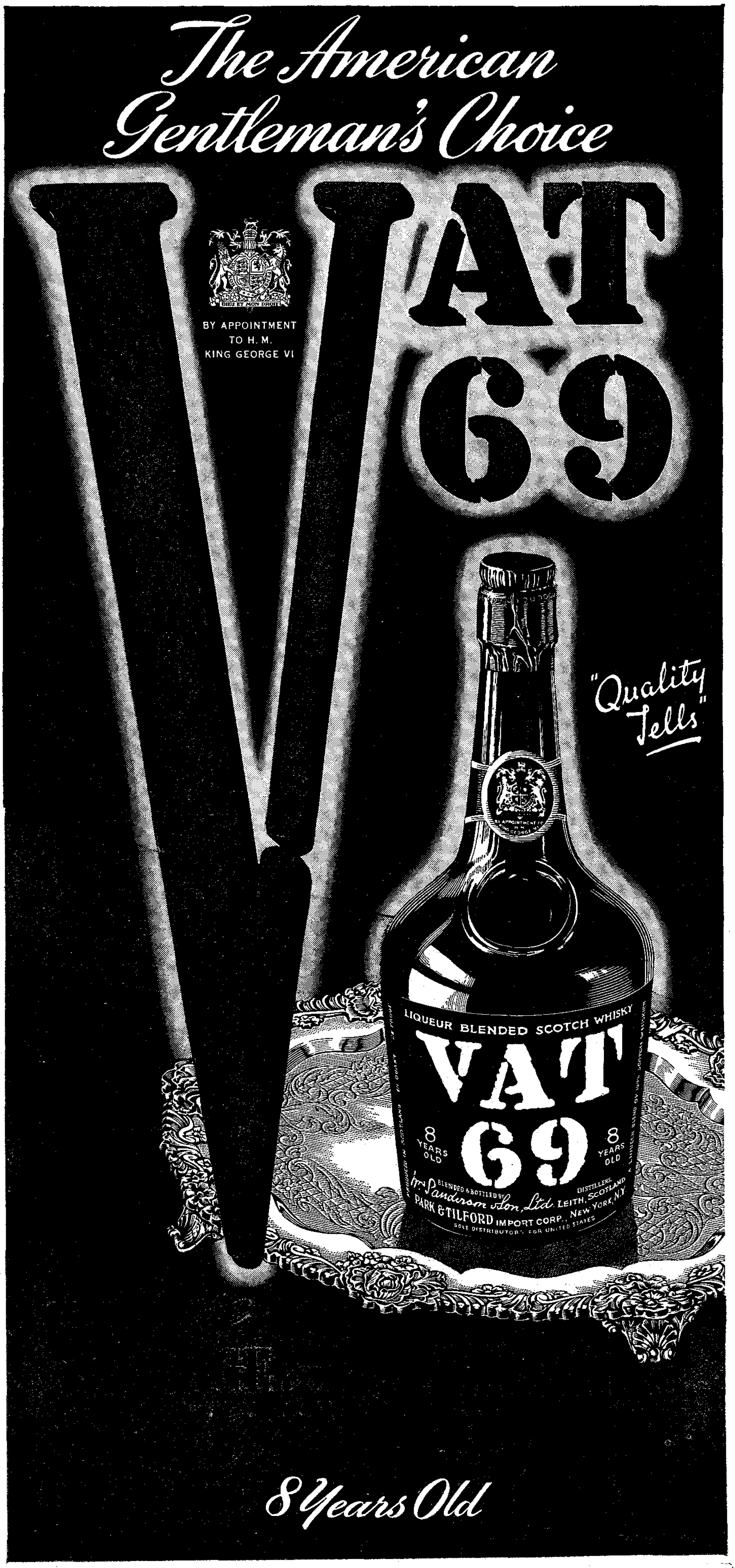
The shop I went to see has been running for some time and with great success in a little village which, since military secrecy must be enforced even in the case of such humble arsenals, I will call St. Mary-in-Clay. It is in a part of the country with which I am familiar and, finding that I was going to be in the neighborhood one day, I got permission to visit the shop and see how it was working. I was told that it would be best to arrive in the village at about nine in the morning and to go to the home of a lady named Mrs. Bradley, who was in charge of hiring and other problems of personnel.

St. Mary-in-Clay doesn't look like a place where there would be many problems of personnel. It is a village of the type frequently referred to as picturesque, laid out around a triangular green on which are primly arranged a Norman church and several nice specimens of Tudor and Queen Anne architecture, festooned in spring with magnolia and wisteria. Mrs. Bradley's house, right next to the church, turned out to be the neat, bandbox sort of building in which you would not be surprised to find Miss Jane Austen knocking off a few chapters of "Emma." It seemed appropriate, as I walked up the path between budding flower beds, to discover through the open lattice window a woman, whom I rightly judged to be Mrs. Bradley, sitting writing at her desk in a chintzy room pleasantly crowded with old china, bowls of bulbs, brassware, and the other bric-a-brac typical of a gentle country life in England. In more peaceful times I should have guessed that she was dealing, maybe, with correspondence about a coming demonstration of fruit-bottling to be put on by the local Women's Institute. Instead, as Mrs. Bradley explained after she had asked me in, she was making out her shop's pay sheet for the week. To prove it, she exhibited a businesslike document covered with complicated calculations.

"All my workers have numbers," said Mrs. Bradley, a comfortable-looking lady with a humorous but caustic twinkle in her eye. "We're run exactly like a big, full-time factory. Every woman I take on has to get a National Employment card from the Labour Exchange. Then she gets a pay card, on which the hours she works each week are checked, and I send up my pay sheet once a week to the big factory near London which supplies us with work. They send the wages down and I go round and pay out. Matter of fact, it happens to be today, so you'll see me doling it out later, when you're up at our little factory."

We sat down, one on either side of a fireplace which looked as though it could have easily accommodated a roasting ox,

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DIEU ET MON DROIT
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and I said that I would like to hear how the shop had happened to start up in St. Mary-in-Clay.

"Oh," she said, "it's really Mrs. Burke's show. She'll be along any minute, but she had to run one of her children to school first. Rosalind—that's Mrs. Burke—is a remarkable girl; owns and runs her own engineering works in London and has to spend most of her time there. Her company makes small airplane-engine parts. She used to get quite a bit of publicity in the days when it was rather dashing for a society girl to fly her own plane. She and her brothers have always been mad about flying. Then Rosalind went in on the business side with a company which made scale-model planes, and finally they developed into making engine parts. Sorry you can't use its name, but it's on war production now, you see.

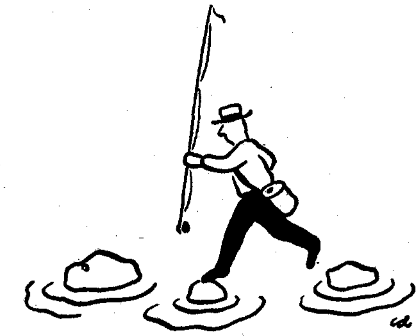
"We're measuring rivets here now and sorting them into piles according to type and diameter. It's all salvage stuff which is dropped by the riveters on the floors of the big factory when they're working at top speed on a bomber, and in peacetime it would probably be thrown out. Now it's swept up, put in sacks, and sent to places like us for regrading. When you realize that there are five hundred thousand and three rivets in a Wellington bomber, you can see that every rivet salvaged is important."

WE were interrupted by an elderly lady in a burberry who popped her head through the window. "*So* sorry," she cried, "but I just thought I'd drop these potato recipes on you. The one with the onions is really *quite* good." She tossed her offerings beside a bowl of narcissus and disappeared. "Thanks so much. I'll try it," Mrs. Bradley called after her, and then, stretching her brogues toward the fire, she said, "Let's see, where were we? Oh, yes, about Rosalind's London factory. Well, she had lived down here before she was married—her children are here now, staying at her mother's house for the duration. So of course when Rosalind got the idea of farming out some of the unskilled jobs at her London works to part-time village plants, she thought of St. Mary-in-Clay. She knows that I know every man, woman, and child in the place, so I suddenly got an SOS from her to see if I could start things moving in a hurry to help take care of a sudden rush order at her factory. It really was a joke the way it happened. Rosalind rang me up at noon one day last fall when I was working at the évacués' canteen. 'Look here,' she said, 'could you get together about half a dozen workers and a place for them to work and be on the job by three this afternoon?' 'Done,' I said. I thought of the Boy Scouts' hut back of the church and got permission to use it. Then I clawed together five friends who lived close by, and we were all at the hut and ready when Rosalind turned up in a station wagon with her works manager and a ton of stuff in sacks. The works manager showed us what we had got to do. In addition to sorting rivets there were brackets to file, thousands of them, and I don't suppose any of us had ever tackled filing anything more than a fingernail before. He showed me how to keep my pay sheet and how to fill in the cards and clock everybody in. Then he drove off and left us staring at all those enormous piles of stuff on the floor."

Mrs. Bradley chuckled richly and went on to say, with some pride, that the original group of six women who started work in the autumn of 1942 had, by this spring morning of 1943, grown to one of over sixty. "They all have to be interviewed by me, and I'm pretty careful to rule out the young girls who ought to be doing a more energetic job," she said firmly. "Mothers with daughters just under call-up age often land on my doorstep and try to get me to take the girls. They think that if their daughters are working here maybe the Labour Exchange will let them stay at home when it comes to the call-up, but I always say 'Nothing doing.' I only employ the older women, like myself, or young married ones who have small children and couldn't very well take employment elsewhere. I've got quite a few really elderly workers, too, and they're keen as mustard. Sometimes, though, they're not quite as able as they are willing. There's one, for instance, who is deaf as a post and so shortsighted that she can only see the biggest-size rivets, but she toddles along most days and enjoys it so much that I hate to have to tell her that she's not quite up to the necessary standard."

THE women get ninepence an hour, Mrs. Bradley said, and the hut is open from ten till five, but as it won't hold more than twenty-four workers at one time, the women probably wouldn't be encouraged to put in a full day even if their strength and household duties permitted them to. As she was telling me this, a car stopped at the gate and a dark-haired young woman, wearing tweeds and without a hat, came briskly up the path. "There's Rosalind now," said Mrs. Bradley. Rosalind Burke was not a woman whom one would have suspected of being an industrial boss; her first words—that she was sorry she had had to take her little girl to school before coming along to meet me—seemed more in character. "I've got three children, you know," she said. "All girls, the eldest six and the youngest ten months." I said that it must be somewhat difficult to run a factory and a young family at the same time, and Mrs. Burke said that it was. "It can only be done by dividing one's life into absolutely watertight compartments, so I've found," she said. "I make it a rule to put in two days a week down here and the rest on my job in town. My ten-month-old daughter was a slight problem while I was nursing her, because it meant taking her around with me in a basket during the time I was in London. I used to leave her at a crèche in the mornings and then pick her up and take her along to meetings with me. At one Ministry they demurred about letting me in. They thought she was a bomb."

Mrs. Burke added emphatically that she had found the watertight-compartment system of splitting up time was the only way in which a husband and wife working in the same line of business could make a success of it. "My husband's in aviation, too," she said, "but he has nothing to do with my show. We've just got back from a heavenly week's holiday together in a cottage in Cornwall, looking after ourselves completely, for a change. It was a wonderful rest." She sighed at the recollection and then said energetically, "I'm thinking of opening up another of these part-time plants down near where we were. It's a very suitable place, absolutely cut off from ordinary war work and with lots of women longing for a chance to do something. Wherever I go, I have my eyes open for likely spots and for women comparable to Mrs. Bradley here"—Mrs. Bradley closed one blue eye and nodded benignly—"to get together the local labor and run it for me. I've now got four other little village



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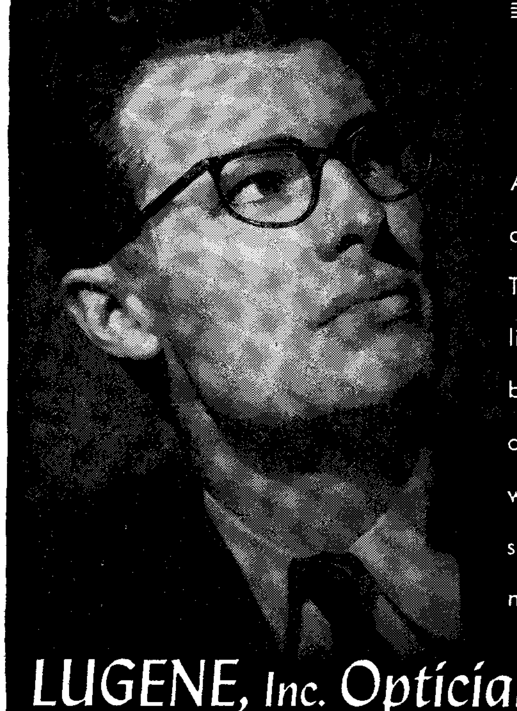

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plants going besides St. Mary-in-Clay.

"The whole idea sprang from a broadcast I made some time ago about women in the aircraft industry. Next day I was absolutely deluged with letters from women saying they wanted to help and asking if they couldn't do something in their own homes. They suggested rigging up workshops in all sorts of improbable places, like billiard rooms and hen houses and pigsties. One woman said that she had a crippled husband who did fretsaw work and she thought they might adapt his little carpenter's shop. These letters made me think, and the result was the St. Mary-in-Clay plant. Pretty soon we're going to expand from our present very cramped quarters here into a new hut—a much bigger one which is going to be built next to the village hall, where people can get at it more easily."

"We're going to have lathes there, we hope," Mrs. Bradley put in, in the tone of a child who has been promised a model train for Christmas. "Then we'll be able to do more than just sort and measure rivets. The Scout hut is a bit short of conveniences—no lighting and no heating except an oilstove. The new building will have lighting and real heating, as well as washrooms with running water, which is something we never dreamed of when we started."

"I wish you'd seen us when we first moved into the hut," Mrs. Burke said. "It was a very scrambled-together affair, and we've smartened up a good deal since we started. For one thing, we didn't have anything but the floor to sit on until we scratched around for some chairs. You never saw such a collection as we got—antique French chairs and deck chairs and rustic garden seats, all mixed up with a couple of benches. Every worker, as she came in, was given a hammer and nail and told to drive it into the wall and hang her things on it. We've got proper pegs now, and even brown overalls with green collars."

"We had nothing to put the blessed rivets in, either," said Mrs. Bradley. "I had to take the bus into our nearest town and buy up all the little tins and boxes and kitchen pans I could lay my hands on. Woolworth's didn't have a baking tin in the place by the time I'd finished. That got us looking rather more shipshape."

Mrs. Burke stuck her hand into the pocket of her coat and brought out a fistful of assorted ironmongery similar to that which a small boy might carry around in his pants pocket. "This is the kind of stuff we give them to handle," she said. "Here's a snaphead, for instance, and here's a countersunk—two different types of rivets which have to be sorted. It's a horribly monotonous job, I'm afraid, but it ought to be lots more fun for the workers if we get lathes and start doing more important work."

Mrs. Bradley said that she would be going along to the hut presently to pay out but that first she had some business matters to talk over with Mrs. Burke, and she wondered how I'd like to walk over there by myself and start looking around. She told me that she had arranged with the forewoman, a Mrs. Harmer, for me to put in a sample morning on the job if I cared to. I said that would be fine and started out.

IT took me about ten minutes to reach the hut. Eight ladies' bicycles were propped up in the lane outside, some with market packages in their handlebar baskets, and I had to remind myself that their owners were doing a shift at a war-production plant and not meeting to discuss a vicarage cake sale or some other bit of village activity. Inside the hut ten women were sitting at four long benches, two down the centre of the building and one against each side wall. There were rivets everywhere—in tins and pans such as Mrs. Bradley had mentioned, in paper bags, and in large sacks on the floor, from one of which an efficient-looking lady, whom I took to be Mrs. Harmer, was filling more tins with a scoop. She got up from the bench at which she was sitting and greeted me, saying that she was indeed Mrs. Harmer, and suggested that I take an empty chair by a little oilstove nearby. "I'll be along in just a minute and give you some work," she said.

I was starting to take my coat off when a jolly-faced woman nearby abruptly warned me not to. "If you've brought anything extra with you, I'd advise you to put it on," she said. "It'll take some spring days yet before we'll be able to get the chill out of here, and you'll find yourself dead from the waist down after an hour or so of this work." Then I noticed that the other workers seemed equally mistrustful of the heating arrangements. They all wore coats and scarves, and one or two had supplemented them with mittens and a rug over the knees. There was a bit of talking going on, but mostly the women were working away silently and steadily at piles of rivets which had been dumped on the benches in front of them. While I was looking around, Mrs. Harmer came

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up and poured out a bag of rivets in front of me. My assignment, it developed, was to separate the snapheads in the pile from the countersunks, and Mrs. Harmer undertook to explain the difference to me. So far as my amateurish eye could see, a snaphead is a rivet with a distinct head like a mushroom's, and a countersunk looks more like a headless nail with only a slight bulge toward the top. My pile also contained a few burrs, which were to be put aside by themselves, but Mrs. Harmer assured me I'd have no trouble recognizing them. "You can't miss a burr," she said comfortingly. "He just sits up and looks at you. You'll find it easier to use two hands at once, probably. This job you're going to do is Stage 1. After you've sorted the various kinds they'll go on to someone else for diametering and measuring. Don't worry if you seem slow. It takes a little time to get your eye in."

She went off to someone further down the bench, crying breezily, "Now here's a lovely bag of clean, beautiful snapheads for you—lovely big fellows that won't take you five minutes. Aren't you lucky? Sheer favoritism, I call it." The clean, beautiful snapheads were received with muted enthusiasm by the favored one, who was a long way from the stove and looked slightly congealed. I laboriously used both hands for a while on my heap of rivets, which seemed to loom as large and look as intimidating as one of the labors thought up by the Olympians for struggling heroes.

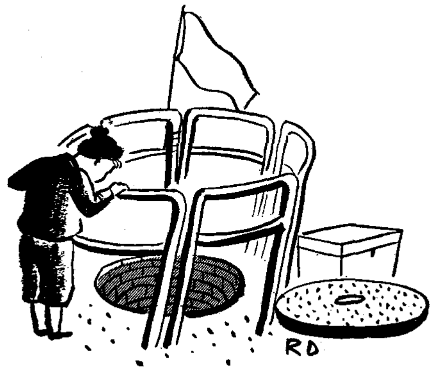
My neighbor to the right, a reddish-haired woman in trousers and a jacket who introduced herself as Mrs. Stein, was picking away at tremendous speed at a pile of rivets, many of them pinlike things which she handled with eyebrow tweezers. "These little ones are 332's, almost the smallest we get," she said. "They're brutes to get hold of, and I made slow going until I thought of my eyebrow tweezers. It may be unethical, but it works. Elizabeth over there"—she nodded toward the jolly-looking woman who had told me to keep my coat on—"uses a tiny face-powder shovel to scoop them up—you know, the kind of little plastic gadget for filling a compact with loose powder. That works fine, too."

Mrs. Stein said that her shift was from ten in the morning to one o'clock. "My two children are at day school, so I can just fit it in by doing my shopping and all the house chores in the afternoons," she went on. "It's the little personal jobs, like darning my stockings and the children's socks, that seem to pile up rather appallingly, especially if I take some of these rivets home to do. Most of us take a few pounds of them for homework every week. I find I simply can't get to bed as early as I used to. As for reading, I never have time for a book now. Do you, Elizabeth?"

Elizabeth snorted. "Don't talk about homework to me!" she said. "In a moment's madness I said I'd take forty-five pounds home, and it's nearly killed me. They're all out of the house now, thank God, except three on the carpet and a couple down behind the sofa cushions." The women get threepence for each pound of rivets they sort and measure at home, Elizabeth said, as against the ninepence an hour they earn at the shop, and since it took her about two and a half hours to a pound, I could see that pay was not the only incentive. "I find myself dreaming about rivets," Elizabeth said gloomily. "I'm wading through piles of countersunks and I can't find any snapheads, and I wake up moaning." "I put my children on the job when I take homework," said Mrs. Stein. "They think it's fun, poor pets, and they're quick as lightning too. Comes of having small fingers."

Four or five new arrivals turned up, mostly middle-aged women. "It's now ten thirty-five, Mrs. Piper," said Mrs. Harmer. "Sorry, but I must clock you in for ten forty-five, I'm afraid. We only put down the quarter hours, you know. What is your number?" Mrs. Piper said that it was forty-eight, and added defensively that she reckoned the church clock must be wrong. To another newcomer, Mrs. Harmer carolled, "Good morning, Mrs. Medbury. Is Mr. Medbury better? And will you ask him, with my compliments, exactly how he managed to find enough rich food in these days to give himself a bilious attack?" This produced appreciative chuckles from various parts of the hut.

THE hut was filling up now. Mrs. Harmer prowled around the benches, stopping to give advice, to en-



courage, and to admonish, looking not at all like the wife of a London nose, throat, and ear specialist, which Mrs. Stein told me she was. "You'll work much faster with two hands," I heard Mrs. Harmer tartly informing one plump matron. "God has given you two, hasn't He? Use 'em!" The plump matron rather snappishly inquired when Mrs. Harmer was getting her whip, and the forewoman laughed and said, "Soon."

I asked a new arrival how much time she put in at the shop. "Not much, I'm afraid," she replied. "I try to average nine hours a week, but that's the best I can do. I'm in Red Cross, too, and I'm also our local collector for National Savings Stamps, which takes rather a lot of time when one only has a bicycle to get around on. I enjoy this job, though. Somehow, it gives one a far more definite feeling of doing something than rolling bandages or canteening. Sometimes, when I'm working in the garden after tea and I hear our boys beginning to drone by overhead on the evening's bombing raid, I look up and wonder if those are some of our rivets going over. It's probably idiotic of me, but I like to feel they are."

A faint cheer from the benches announced the arrival of Mrs. Bradley with the pay envelopes. She went the rounds, shoving the cards under the workers' noses with a brisk "Sign here, please" and some sort of jocose comment, such as "Ten and sixpence this week, Mrs. Brown. Put it toward next week's and you'll have a beautiful National Savings Certificate" or "Sorry, no fur coat for *you* this week, dear. Only seventeen bob." At noon several of the women left to go and get their children's dinners. Some of them, Mrs. Bradley told me, would be back again in the afternoon. "Nearly all of us are housewives," she said, "and you know what that means in wartime. Not a bad turnout for little St. Mary-in-Clay, is it? What I like is that all the girls in the village stores give up their one half-day off to come up here. It's early closing today, matter of fact, and if you're here later you'll see the girl from the butcher's and the cashier from the grocery store working away like beavers. Now, that's pretty decent of them, don't you think? Girls like that enjoy it, too. The older ones among them especially like it because it takes their poor minds off their boys in the forces. Though the job looks so foolproof, you'd be surprised at the effort of concentration it takes."

I said that I wouldn't be surprised in

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the least. After possibly the longest time on record, I had succeeded in sorting out my heap of rivets, and Mrs. Harmer said that she would fetch me another lot. While she was getting it, I sat and listened to the conversations going on around me. Behind me, sitting at a bench and picking away at a pile of snapheads, were two elderly women, comfortable country types who looked as if they would have been more at home gossiping while shelling a pan of peas at a cottage door. I heard one say, "Well, I tried that recipe, and even Dad said they were nice. You have to take half flour and half potatoes mashed when they're warm, and just a bit of fat—any bit of fat you've got by you will do—and you grease your pan ever so little." As I waited for Mrs. Harmer to bring me a bag of clean, beautiful snapheads, I reflected how strange it was that from the midst of such gentle, housewifely chat as this should come so much as a single part of a lethal weapon which one day might be taking bombs to Berlin.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

AFTER A TELEPHONE QUARREL

Why are women like knights
With lifted visors
Eager for insult to their lady,
Quick to hoist a handkerchief
And battle in a sheltered place?
Spears fly
And quilted armor gives
No gain, no loss;
A perfumed sleep revives them.

But, being one,
I wonder why is man so hard to tease?
Like a dozing cat,
He will not play.
Why is peace so dear to him?
For whom does he save himself?
And is it his mother's gentle spirit in him,
While in a woman
Her father's knighthood shines?

—Maude Phelps Hutchins

•

What happens to amateur photography depends on you and me. These are busy days and we find it hard to give our hobby the attention it used to receive. But a hobby like ours is worth perpetuating—no matter what the cost! France fell because nobody gave a damn—until it was too late. Organized amateur photography has been weakened by the turn of world events, but it will only crack up if you and I allow it to.—*Pottawattamie Camera Club News in U. S. Camera.*

Man your Brownies, men!

THE ART GALLERIES

1913-1943

THIRTY years is a long time, I know, but the fact has rarely been brought home to me so forcibly as it was the other day, when I visited the new exhibition at the Pierre Matisse. There are thirteen paintings on view by as many French moderns, and all dating from 1913 or thereabouts. It's a well-planned group, and despite its small size it manages more or less adequately to cover the major manifestations of the period. There's a vigorous, ruddy Rouault, "The Judges," to suggest that the forces of Fauvism were still active at that time. There's an early Chirico called "The Transformed Dream," simple in design and a little immature in expression, which hints at the more involved dream conjurations he was later to call forth. There's a bland "Paris Street" by Utrillo to show that naturalism still had its niche. And since Cubism, then the most recent form, was also already the dominant one, there are at least a half-dozen canvases in that mode, not only by such masters as Picasso and Braque and Juan Gris but also by such men as the now almost forgotten Roger de la Fresnaye and Albert Gleizes.

All this, of course, adds up to something pretty telling in the way of nostalgia. But the exhibit has another quality that is harder to define. Most retrospectives of this sort, I've noticed, in which prominent artists are represented, seem to be selected with at least half an eye on the men's current reputations. Show their early work, yes, but remember to keep it in line with their present production—that appears to be the idea, and the result too often is a hodgepodge quite untypical of the period under survey. This show is different. The Braque, for example, is an undistinguished one. The Léger is worse. Both, however, are precisely the kind of thing that the two men were doing at the moment, and since this same fidelity to historical accuracy is carried throughout the exhibit, the effect is intimate and illuminating.

What you get, to be brief about it, is a view of one of the major art movements of this century—abstractionism—in the process of its formation and with none of the fumblings, the failures, the false moves, and the occasional bold advances that were part of that process left out. What you get, too, quite incidentally to all this, is a healthy reminder that even the most revolutionary ideas, if they're valid—in art as in everything else—are quickly absorbed and assimilated and become commonplaces to succeeding generations. Thus it is hard for us now to realize how outlandish, how utterly incomprehensible, some of the pictures—Gris's "Still Life," let's say, or Picasso's "Figure"—must have seemed to contemporary audiences. As we see them now (viewing them, to be sure, in the light of the thousands of abstract studies we've looked at since they were produced), they seem almost transparently simple in motivation. We can understand and appreciate Gris's preoccupation with pattern and Picasso's attempt to express the rhythms and volumes of African sculpture in the Cubist manner, and we can only look back with bewilderment at the poor dopes of 1913 who found such crystalline canvases complex.

It makes one wonder if, possibly, thirty years from now, people may not look back on our current difficulty with surrealism and other modern manifestations and find it just as bewildering.

IN the past there has always been something feverish about Jacques Lipchitz's sculpture. Too much passion too little controlled went into it, and since this excess of emotion led him inevitably into overembellishment, the effect was to surround his work with an air of decadence that rarely went well with the subjects he selected. In his new show, at the Buchholz, he has got around this difficulty, or perhaps it is more accurate to say that he has brought the two factors of his emotionalism and its expression into better balance. To be sure, the sense of the feverish is still there, and even the decadence, but the style is now Oriental—which helps, somehow—and the general treatment is well keyed to his native exuberance.

Flower forms are the rule, blended oddly with human ones, so you are never quite sure if the figure you are looking at is that of a woman or, say, a lotus. Legs have tiny crocketings, as if they were buds; heads have petals, and petals fingers; arms are spiky with leaves, and the whole is a mingling of the botanical and the anatomical that I think represents a new venture on this artist's part. It isn't great work. There is something too casual about it for that. But there's a pleasantly fantastic quality in almost all the pieces, while in some, such as his "Yara II" or the even more intricate "Blossoming," the work rises to really poetic levels.

TO my mind, only one of the dozens of prominent artists who contributed poster designs to the government for the current War Bond sales drive really succeeded completely with his assignment. He is Alexander Brook, and, along with the others, his piece is on view at the Brooklyn Museum in an exhibition called "Art for Bonds." Brook's painting (you've probably seen it reproduced already in posters) is the one of the green, ghostly soldier, captioned "Remember Me? I Was at Bataan." Its power lies in its almost perfect blending of artistic perceptiveness—as displayed in the pose and the cryptic glance of the figure—with the qualities of simplicity and directness that a poster inexorably demands. The last two qualities, unfortunately, are the ones that the majority of the other men overlooked. What they contributed were paintings, done with all the loving detail which, on canvas, gives the subject its value but which in a poster only serves to scatter its interest and reduce its impact. Poster art in this country has never achieved the brilliance that it has elsewhere, but it has made advances, and since, happily, the government seems inclined to call more and more on the artists, as artists, to aid in the war effort, they would do well to study poster techniques. It could hardly hurt their other work, and it would certainly increase the value of their war contribution considerably. . . . I still stick to the perhaps iconoclastic theory that Salvador Dali's painting is fun, but I don't feel like arguing the matter at the moment. If you're one of those who take him very seriously, then his show at the Knoedler is not for you, for it's mainly portraits, and rather Cecil Beatonish ones at that. But if, just for the fun of it, you'd like to see Mrs. Harrison Williams posed in an Egyptian alley or the Princess Gourielli emerging from a cliff, I'd say go. You'll probably enjoy it.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

RECORD OF FIRES

YESTERDAY

7:20 P.M.—Fire in mattress in two-story building at 164 Howell street, occupied by Anna Harrington. Caused by smoking in bed. Damage slight.

7:56 P.M.—Fire in couch in two-story building at 164 Howell street, occupied by Anna Harrington. Caused by smoking. Damage slight.—*Providence Journal.*

Listen, Anna, for God's sake . . .

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MAKE IT DO!"

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MINOR PROPHET

I STOPPED recently to get my shoes shined near the entrance to the subway station at Sixth Avenue and Waverly Place. I sat down on a small stepladder, which was the customer's seat, and the proprietor fumbled nervously around under my topcoat to get at his polish and brushes. I got up so that he could find them more easily.

"Sit down, sit down," he said, wagging his head from side to side. "Don't get up for me. I'm a working man all my life. Twelve years with the Telephone Company. I was in Chicago in 1905, in San Francisco during the earthquake, in Omaha."

He went to work briskly on my shoes. I noticed that his face was tanned and wrinkled, his lips were tight, with a sardonic curl, or maybe they were just hiding missing teeth. The top of his head was bald and the hair on the sides gray. He wore blue denim trousers, flecked with specks of white paint, and a corduroy jacket which had a dirty sheepskin lining. His hands were very large and were smeared with black shoe polish.

"Do you like it here?" I asked.

"I like New York," he said matter-of-factly. "I like New York because it's the metropolis of the world. After London—maybe to a small extent Paris—New York, it has always been the cultural centre of the world. You can buy on the newsstands the *New Masses*, the *New Republic*, the *Nation*, the *Daily Worker*, anything. I always work in big cities."

He went on polishing and talking. "Daniel De Leon," he said, and squinted up at me. "You probably never heard of him?"

"Yes, the Socialist Labor Party man," I said.

"Am I right?" he asked. "Do I know my history? Daniel De Leon. I was standing on the corner of Second Avenue and Eleventh Street in 1904. A man was talking from a platform to four people. I was one of those four people. He sold us a book for a nickel. He told us tomorrow we should buy the *Daily People*. I read that book and I got the *Daily People*. Daniel De Leon opened my eyes." He looked up at me. "Do you know what Lenin said about De Leon?"

"No," I said.

"Some newspapermen asked Lenin where he got the Soviet idea. He told them his ideas were ninety-nine per cent from Karl Marx and one per cent from a little American, Daniel De Leon!" He rushed on without allowing me time for any comment. "Do you know what the Chicago *Tribune*, the most reactionary newspaper in the world, had as a headline when the Bolshevik revolution broke out? I was there, I saw it: 'ANARCHY!' But never mind. Roosevelt is gonna see Stalin. And I wouldn't be surprised if Mrs. Roosevelt visited Russia. Remember I said so. You know what H. G. Wells said? He wrote a lot of hooey too, but he said 'The Shape of Things to Come.' Am I right? Roosevelt is gonna see Stalin. And the Red Army, it won't stop at the Polish border. It's going straight to Berlin. Last time, someone said, we had the key to Berlin. We threw it away. But the Red Army, it's going to Berlin."

He put down his brushes for a moment and put out his big hands and ticked off on his fingers one by one as he went on: "In Germany, Italy, France, Spain, Hungary—well, I don't know much about Hungary; let's skip Hungary—still, Germany, Italy, France, Spain, there will be Communist governments unless the Allies interfere. Remember I said it. When Roosevelt was running the first time, in one of his speeches he said one thing, it was the most important. He said when you take bread away from a poor man he squeals, but when you take a limousine away from a rich man he hollers like a stuck pig. That's his whole idea."

The shoeshine man picked up his brushes again. "In spite of the *Daily News* and that *World-Telegram* feller—what's his name?"

"Roy Howard," I suggested.

"No, Pegler, that Pegler. In spite of all of them, Roosevelt is gonna be elected again in 1944, and then he'll really make them squirm."

I suggested that perhaps the wave of reaction in Congress was something we ought to watch. "That, that—that's nothing." He brushed the suggestion aside with a hasty jab at my right shoe. "Now it's all confusion, but in 1944 Roosevelt'll get elected. The young men are away and the old fellers are sitting around voting. But the young men will be back and Roosevelt'll get elected."

"How old are you?" I asked.

"Fifty, fifty-one. I don't care," he said, shaking his head. "I feel young."

A MAN in a blue uniform came by and stopped. "It's all right," the shoeshine man said to him. "He told me he would meet you later today and to tell you it's all fixed up."

"O.K.," the man in blue said, and went into a nearby cafeteria.

"That's an inspector in the subway here." The shoeshiner pointed down the steps from the sunlight into the dimness below. A girl in a white uniform who looked as if she might have worked in the corner Nedick's walked by. She smiled and greeted the shoeshine man, who waved to her genially.

He finished my shoes and tapped my knee with one hand. "You know where the C.I.O. got its idea? The C.I.O. comes from the I.W.W.—the Wobblies—and the Wobblies got their idea straight from Daniel De Leon, and that's where Lenin got his Soviet idea, and that's the man who opened my eyes. I worked for five bucks a week in a factory, but when I heard that man and read that book for a nickel my eyes were opened. Since then I've read them all—Karl Marx, Charlie Darwin, Morris Hillquit, Max Eastman." He was ticking off on his fingers again.

"That John L. Lewis, he's nothing," he said as I got up to go. "Roosevelt is going to win. Then he'll take Pegler, he'll take the *Daily News*, that whole crowd, and he'll drop them down the sewer. Then he'll really go to town."

"Remember I said so!" he called after me as I was walking away. I looked down at my shoes and discovered that the shine was pretty good.

—M. R. WERNER

•

Mrs. James R. Farmer, above, was Miss Marguerit Jewel Bridges, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Bridges, before her marriage on Jan. 28. Lawless.—*Picture caption in the Goose Creek (Texas) Daily Sun.*

She may quiet down now.

•

Donald Winch, 15, Keswick, was awarded a silver cup in the senior public-speaking contest. He will represent the county at the provincial contest in Toronto next week. His subject was, "Why I Do Not Drink."—*Toronto Star.*

Or, "These Old Arteries."

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPT.
(NAÏVETÉ DIVISION)

[*Hedda Hopper in the Los Angeles Times*]

Louis B. Mayer made the prediction of the evening when he said his son-in-law, Bill Goetz, is going to be "a greater man than I am." There was something so naïve and fresh about that.

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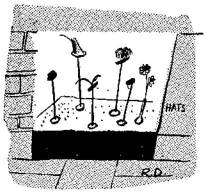


WHEN that social phenomenon known as new money comes along, it affects different communities in different ways. Some cities go all to pot, but New Yorkers seem to be a more levelheaded, steadfast bunch than most. At any rate, unofficial surveys show that the girls who have always been accustomed to prowl below Thirty-fourth Street for their purchases are remaining loyal to the old haunts, the only difference being that they now feel put upon if they are shown dresses costing less than $75, while the wilted white-collar women who used to save up to buy One Good Thing at $195 on Fifty-seventh Street are similarly loyal, but now go there in search of bargains under $50. Ah, *mon vieux*, everything changes but everything evens up, is it not so?

One of the most rewarding pilgrimages for the second group of ladies can be made to Bergdorf Goodman, where the ready-to-wear department, at prices from $30 to $70, has clothes as effective as any that ever appeared in what are sometimes called the good old days. There are quantities of suits and of two-piece dresses that resemble suits, all made of various rayon crêpes. A black suit has a long, tubular, zippered jacket with a jade grosgrain lacing down one side of the neckline. This comes in either day or evening length, and mothers of brides dote on it for informal weddings. A black-and-white suit of striped rayon surah looks well even when its white linen collars and cuffs are at the laundry. A similar one of black bengaline, with a single-button fastening, could, with various accessories, be made suitable for any occasion. It's shown with a pink bengaline vest-type blouse.

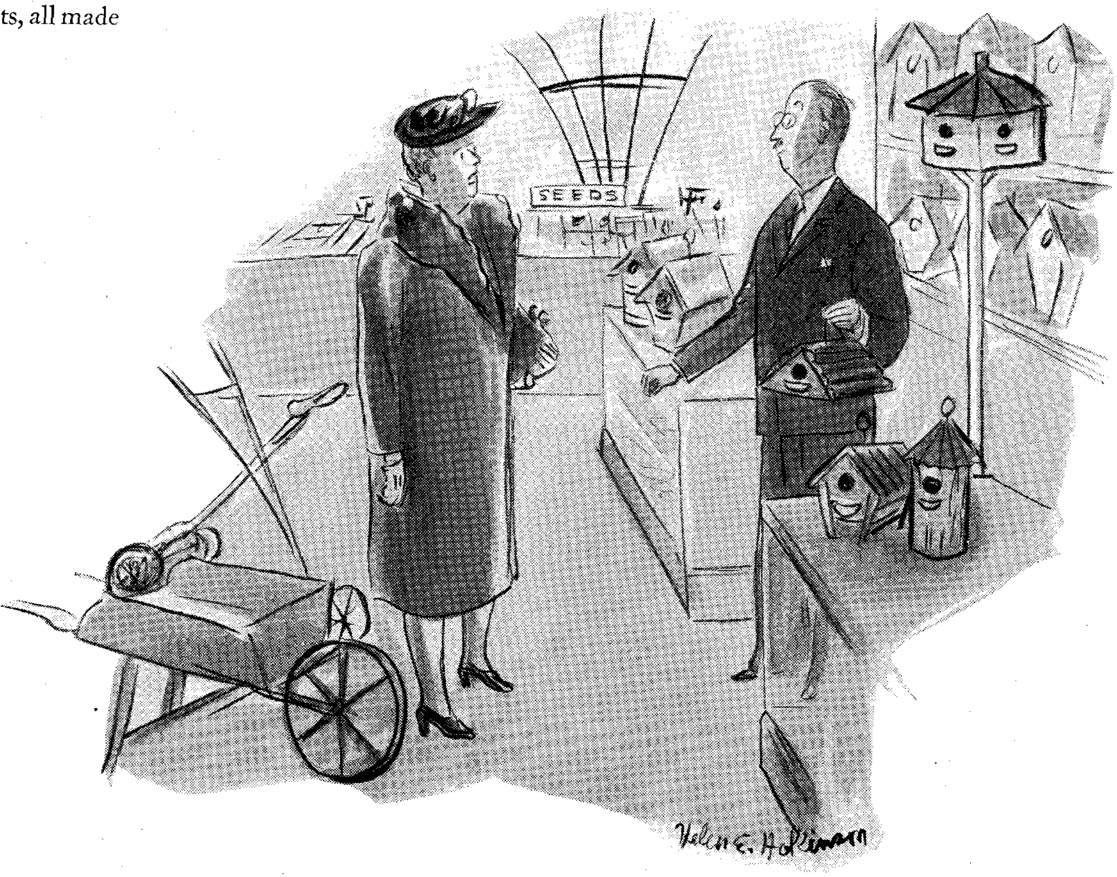
The B. G. prints have that nonchalant, couture look, too. Two-piece affairs abound. One, in navy rayon crêpe with a white feather print, has folds in the skirt to give the effect of tiers. White leaves on a navy ground make a print that is used in a dress with a white piqué gilet and a skirt that buttons down the front—a campus style reaching the big time. Another suit, of red-and-white rayon foulard, has the diagonal double-breasted closing they like here this season. Black lace adorns a pink rayon-crêpe suit that is printed with black bumblebees and would be perfect for summer dining. A dress of a green-and-white print giving a marbleized effect has a shirred tuck-in blouse that could double with suits and a skirt that comes up high over the diaphragm.

The prints of the one-piece dresses in this collection are no less unusual. Some of the day dresses are made of Gay Nineties prints showing old-time conveyances in silhouette; others, of white crêpe printed with flaring plaid bows, could be worn in warm weather on the street with long black gloves or, unbuttoned below the throat, to semi-formal dinners. Everywhere here you'll see the casual Bergdorf Goodman grandeur at very comfortable prices.

THE snobs from the factories must die laughing over the uptown girls' sudden discovery of cotton dresses. However, the ones I'm about to describe are as far from the house dress and the assembly line as cottons are ever likely to get. Take the faded blue denim that has swept the town, for instance. It's been freely used at Peck & Peck; the highlight is a one-piece tailored dress cut rather like a trench coat, with white crochet buttons from neck to hem and a democratic belt made of clothesline with a leather fastening. It's $10.95, and young people will love it.

The youngsters will also have an even greater passion for Peck & Peck when they learn that quantities of size 10's are to be found here and that the shop is going in for gay, youthful things, like separate peasant skirts in red-and-white-checked seersucker with blue-and-white-checked patch pockets and other deliberately maudlin effects. All ages, on the other hand, will like Peck's soft striped chambrays and picturesque flowered cottons for the country.

CHEZ ROSETTE, at 10 East 56th Street, one of my favorite small shops, has opened what it calls the Cotton Spot, where you'll find wonderful cottons costing from $7.95 to $35 and designed more for the street and the country club than the garden. These in-



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clude well-tailored suits, such as a triumph in bright green crash with a short, fitted jacket and two red plastic buttons shaped like roses, and another in a darker green chambray that has the look of shantung. This one has a short jabot and a longish jacket with a turnover collar. There is real Line in tailored pink piqué princesse dresses that have a cluster of strawberries at the neck. Dressier affairs are made of sheer beige linen with two wide matching bands of guipure lace down the front or of pale-blue cloqué organdie sprinkled with field flowers. For dinner, a pale-pink cotton dress with all-over embroidery has a highish square neck, short sleeves, and a bunch of enormous daisies at the waistline. There are blue-and-white dimities for blondes and slashing red-and-white cotton voiles with huge skirts for brunette sirens; these are for evening.

NO matter where they're accustomed to shop, women will be interested in the news from Gunther, at 666 Fifth Avenue (53rd). The newest joy here is iridium-platinum fox, a freak gray tipped with silver, in collarless jackets at from $850 up. This new passion stems from Gunther's traditional love of light, blond furs, especially natural stone marten; a four-skin scarf in this that shows the shop's talent at its best has two skins looped in back to give plenty of width through the shoulders; $335. Kolinsky and fitch, expertly dyed to resemble mink, are now so expensive that the jackets of natural ranch-grown mink, at $795, and the ones made of wild Canadian pelts, at $1,350, are better buys. In Gunther's Budget Department, where you are always sure to find beautiful things at a price, the season's highlight for people who love flat furs are gray Indian-lamb jackets with tuxedo fronts and turned-back cuffs; these are only $195, but they stand their ground firmly against the more expensive Persian ones.

FOR FACE, HANDS, AND THE LIKE: The makers of Milkmaid cosmetics have thought up what they call the Time Saver Kit, and people with dry skins should be particularly infatuated with what they find inside it. The jars in this kit, which are all pleasantly besprigged with floral décor, contain a cleansing cream that is as soft as any made, a Toning Milk to use like an astringent, and an emulsion that produces a bland surface for face powder. At Bonwit Teller and Altman. . . . Wood violets are the refreshing inspiration of Tone's new Cream-Deep cologne, which manages to scent and soften your skin at the same time. Incidentally, Wood Violet cream rouge and lipstick go on the skin smoothly, and their red hue is vivid and has just enough blue in it to be perfect with a navy suit in the spring. At Bonwit Teller. . . . Helena Rubinstein has brought forth a cream cologne in her famous Apple Blossom scent. . . . Westmore's Overglo, a liquid foundation cream priced at $1.50, surpasses even its maker's gusty claims. Just a few tiny dabs worked into the skin on your face and you have a perfect foundation for powder. It comes in six shades and is ideal if you obey orders and use only a bit. Macy and Stern have it. . . . Shulton has put three cakes of its Early American Old Spice soap and a container of talcum powder in a gaily ornamented box which can be used later for cleansing tissue; $1.50. . . . Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect shampoo is now appearing in a huge fifteen-and-a-half-ounce size at Stern. It makes a superb lather and leaves the hair both shiny and tractable. . . . There used to be loose talk to the effect that Mary Chess's luxurious satin containers were responsible for half the fame of her sachets. This turns out to be a canard; though the White Lilac, Gardenia, Carnation, and Tapestry sachets are now packed sedately in dotted or rosebud-sprigged dimities with pinked or net edges, the scents smell even better than they did when they were living in more luxurious surroundings; from $1.50.

THE hostess present of the week (or maybe you'd like to spoil your*self*) is to be found at Tiffany. It's a morocco-leather case for ration books, and there's room in it for change, too. It comes in red lined with navy faille, or in navy lined with red faille, and costs $3.25 with name or initials stamped in gold. Nothing, it seems, will prevent our merchants from making the dreary facts of life as attractive as possible.

—L. L.

•

Mrs. Amanda Heizer sold her property to Mrs. Lizzie Kuhle and has purchased the John Tolly property occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Orville Adams. Mr. and Mrs. Adams will move to the Mrs. Clara Weakhouse as soon as Mr. and Mrs. Wade Lupton can move into the property now occupied by the Paul Schahrer's. The Schahrer's will move into the Hedges property as soon as Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Jordan move to the country.—*Moweaqua (Ill.) News.*

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THE RACE TRACK

Brown Whirlwind

RACING at Jamaica last week was notable for the weather, of which the less said the better, and for the running of Count Fleet, of which you could hardly say too much. In his first start, the St. James Purse, he left the barrier slowly, lost a lot of ground at the clubhouse turn, and got into no end of trouble. This was not entirely his fault; Longden, his jockey, seemed in a mild dither—after all, riding such an important horse is quite a responsibility—and the other boys in the race didn't make things any easier for the usually hard-boiled little man. Count Fleet, however, overcame all the difficulties with equanimity and, once settled in his stride, scooted past everything else and won by lengths.

Just before the Wood Stakes on Saturday, John Hertz, whose wife owns Count Fleet, remarked, "If our horse is ever going to be beaten this season, this is the day. He's a long-striding colt, and the sharp turns of the track naturally put him at a disadvantage. But if he's six or eight lengths behind half a mile from home he'll win, for he has more fighting spirit than I've ever seen in any horse." Well, Count Fleet got away nimbly, followed the pace of Blue Swords for half a mile, and then galloped on to win in hand. Of course there had to be a fly in the ointment. Early in the race Count Fleet was accidentally spiked just below one ankle by one of the other colts; nobody knows which one or how it happened. The cut, however, wasn't serious, and anyway Count Fleet will have a fortnight in which to recover before the Kentucky Derby.

AT the risk of sounding bumptious, I'll say that Count Fleet will win the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, the Belmont Stakes, and anything else he runs for this year. This no doubt sounds like a pretty large order, but I don't believe there's another three-year-old in training who can give him a good gallop. Blue Swords made the best showing of the other runners in the Wood, but I can't get very excited over it. As for

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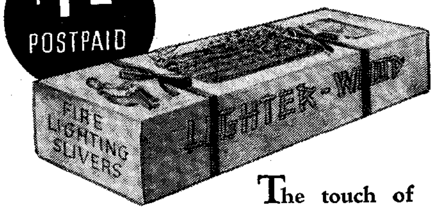

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Gold Shower, who worked a mile in 1:35⅘ the other morning (Owl Eyes, my favorite clocker, says that the track was just smoking for hours afterward), I'd be interested in seeing how well he runs in the afternoon. Nobody really knows how fast Count Fleet can run, but his mile and a sixteenth in 1:43 under 126 pounds in the Wood was remarkable for Jamaica.

Meanwhile, there is quite a little controversy in the paddock about Count Fleet's looks. Some horsemen, who may be envious, affect to find all sorts of faults with his conformation; others insist that he has many more good points than bad. To most of us impressionable observers the striking things about him are his shining brown coat and the smoothness of his action. Somebody said the other day that he galloped more like Brantome, France's wonder horse of a decade ago, than any racer in memory. By the way, Count Fleet adores hard candies. Mrs. Hertz always brings him a handful when she visits the stable.

YOU may remember when there was better racing at Jamaica than what we had last weekend, but I don't. For one thing, there was the finish in which Robertson on Last Bubble outrode Gilbert on Happy Note, followed almost immediately by the High Quest Handicap, in which Robertson on Doublrab beat Gilbert on Devil Diver. That, I daresay, is one for the record. Furthermore, the Wantagh Purse, open to the horses who had finished in the money in the Paumonok Handicap, fully lived up to its promise to be the best race of the week. Apache and Riverland, who had run mere heads apart in the first division of the Paumonok, finished in a dead heat for the Wantagh Purse and equalled the track record in doing it. Now there ought to be another special just for Apache and Riverland. This sort of thing could, I suppose, go on indefinitely.

NOTES ON AN OLD TOTE TICKET: The Excelsior Handicap will be run this weekend. What price Fenelon? . . . George Widener has a two-year-old named Platter who's the image of Eight Thirty. . . . Whirlaway will be a long time coming back to the races; in fact, he may not run in the East at all this year.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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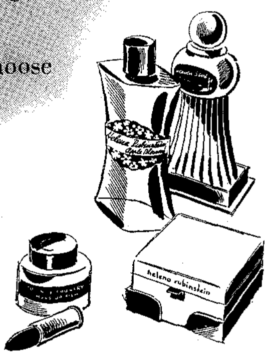

OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

YOU CAN'T PLAY MAH-JONGG IN CHUNGKING

UP to a few years ago map-makers rarely bothered to note the existence of Chungking, China's present wartime capital, and even the Chinese who crowded into the city after the Japanese drove them from their homes on the coast had little notion of what the place was like until they reached it. They found a city built on a rocky, cave-pocked peninsula—a narrow tongue of land which juts out into the confluence of the Yangtze and Kialing Rivers and is shaped, as Americans have been known to observe, somewhat like Manhattan, except, of course, that it is not an island. The growth of Chungking has been somewhat like that of Manhattan, too, as far as it has gone. Originally it was a walled city on the tip of the peninsula; thirty years ago people were still hunting wolves in the neighborhood of its equivalent to Forty-second Street, which has now become the shopping and amusement district of the town, and it is only in the last five years that dwellings have appeared in the area that corresponds to the Central Park region. Chungking is considerably older and smaller than Manhattan, but as yet it has nothing to compare with the Bronx.

A tall, semicircular section of the ancient city wall still stands down at the tip of the peninsula; its name is the Heaven-Facing Gate, but it is more often referred to as the Turtle's Nose. Immediately adjoining it, in the crammed downtown section of the old city, is Shensi Gai, Chungking's Wall Street by virtue of the fact that the Bank of China and the Meifeng Bank are located there. It is a gloomy canyon, filled all day long with busy crowds and lined by the city's only pretenses at skyscrapers.

Chungking has neither street cars, subways, nor taxis. With the exception of rickshaws, sedan chairs, and one alcohol-burning bus line, there are no public vehicles at all. Rickshaws and sedan chairs are expensive and there are not enough of them to go around. Consequently, to get anywhere, you usually hike—uphill and downhill much of the time—on soles cut from old tires. It is a good hour's walk through muddy streets from the government-run Press Hostel, where I live, to the Hwa-Hwa department store downtown. What you see along the route is not the sort of thing Oriental metropolises used to offer visitors; there is too much to remind you of last year's air raids and the possibility of new ones. Most of the houses are painted black so that there will be no reflection of moonlight to guide enemy bombers, and the farther downtown you get, the more charred ruins and bomb craters you encounter. If you know your way around, you use short cuts. At a certain point you suddenly veer off National Avenue, the main thoroughfare, and go down a hundred slippery steps to a secluded valley where farmers tend their cabbage fields, using sewerage, which is collected in huge open cesspools, for fertilizer. Two or three minutes later you climb up another hundred steps and find yourself back on National Avenue, a mile saved. That's how the city is—it has grown around its cabbage fields, not over them, and National Avenue skirts them with it.

CHUNGKING these days is inhabited mostly by people from out of town. The transfer of the national government to this backwoods community in the hills of Szechwan Province has swamped the place with strangers. There are approximately a million Chinese living here, and eight out of ten are "downriver" people, not Szechwanese. They come from the attractive, sprawling cities of the coastal plains—Canton, Nanking, Peiping, Shanghai. They moved here because when the Japanese Army threatened their homes they were in one way or another connected with the government, or because the offices of the firms for which they worked were moved here, or simply because they considered Chungking, with its caves, the safest place to go. They remain downriver people at heart, and in this, their fifth year of exile in the capital of Free China, they still don't like the place.

Spring, which means the arrival of fair weather and the bombing season, gives most of the exiles an acute attack of what is known in some circles as the Chungking blues. The disease seems to have less to do with the increased danger from the sky than with nostalgia. Mrs. Chong, the wife of an official who works in the Ministry of Economic Affairs, has the Chungking blues bad at the moment. "It's like this," she says in Chinese, dotted with Occidental terms. "We had our modest comforts down in Shanghai. No luxuries, mind you. A three-room apartment and a refrigerator and a telephone. Once a week we went to see a movie, and sometimes we went to the tea dance at the Astor House or just for a walk in Jessfield Park. And look what we've got now!"

The hovel which the government has let to the Chongs is about nine by twelve and consists of one room and a tiny kitchen. The floor is made of rough concrete and the windows are covered with paper which is partly torn. There are a roughhewn wooden bed and two chairs, and the only decoration is a map of Egypt thumbtacked to one whitewashed mud wall. Mrs. Chong hangs her washing on a line tied to a dead tree in the muddy front yard, where there are usually a couple of stray mongrels on hand to play with the baby.

Then there is the less usual case of Dr. Li Ching-jen. Dr. Li is from Peiping and he is principally worried about his books. He isn't particularly upset because the Japs are using his thirty-six-room mansion there as a garage, but he is apprehensive about what they have done to his library of books of the Tang and Sung dynasties, which was one of the finest in the old Imperial City. Before the war Dr. Li had a specially trained servant who once every year would take the books out in the yard, turn the pages over with an ivory instrument, and expose every page to the sun for fifteen minutes. "A tedious procedure," says Dr. Li, "but it prevents the worms from eating the books." He has reason to suspect that the Japanese are not taking so much trouble with his library and it grieves him to think of the worms eating the accumulated wisdom of centuries.

I HAVE seen these exiles sit and talk all night of the glitter and gaiety of the treaty ports they used to know. For a while they will listen to Radio Saigon or Manila, both now Japanese stations, and wiggle their toes to the soft rhythm of a waltz, and then someone will say, "Remember that night we went to a picture—what was it?—at the Grand, and then had dinner at Chez Rovière, and dropped in just in time for the floor show at the Arcadia?" "Of course," someone else will answer. "I remember. And we had to take two taxis home, and . . ." Reminiscing is their favorite parlor game, and for hours at a time they can forget their ramshackle huts and the dampness of a Chungking night by recalling bits of life in old Shanghai—a few drinks at the Cathay Tower, a party given on the Avenue Joffre, a new dress or silk stockings bought at Wing On's.

Stuck in Chungking for the duration, these people do not complain so much about such serious matters as shortages and inflation as they do about the irritating pinpricks of exile. They resent the uncouth comportment of the Szechwan natives—rough-and-tumble mountaineers who still wear white turbans in mourning for a king who died a thousand years ago. They resent the natives' hot, greasy dishes, their broad dialect, and their outlandish colloquialisms, like "play a while" for "just a minute."

As if life in Chungking were not already drab enough, the government has recently imposed a number of additional restrictions on civilians, and sometimes it seems to the downriver people as if the sole purpose of them is to take the small pleasures out of life. There are now orders against playing mah-jongg, against smoking on the street, and against permanent waves. Restaurants are not allowed to serve liquor, dancing is prohibited, and men in uniform must not ride in sedan chairs.

THE Chungking blues are not restricted to those who can recall nights at Chez Rovière or the Cathay Tower. Not long ago I went down a little alley off National Avenue and talked to the proprietors of some of the shops there. I stopped in a dry-goods store, a wine shop, a hatter's, a fishmonger's stall, a drugstore, and a coffin shop, and, with the exception of the woman who ran the coffin shop, I found that the proprietors were all exiles from the coast, eager to catch the first bus or boat going downriver. They didn't like Chungking because, as the fishmonger put it, it is "a filthy town and the natives are smart and unfriendly and always trying to put one over on you." The woman in the coffin shop, a fat and loquacious individual, said she'd stay because she was a native of Chungking and she liked the place. She said she had no competition from downriver people in the coffin trade and that her business was much better when there were no bombings, since in China the living prefer to buy expensive coffins for themselves, not cheap ones for the dead. Then she asked me how I'd like to buy a large black-and-gold coffin for $4,000.

—ERNEST O. HAUSER

•

James Wishart, research director of the United Automobile Workers, C.I.O., declared that for the first time in its history the autothreat of a laboretaoishrdluetaoi mobile industry was facing the threat of a labor shortage.—*The Times.*

You said a mouthful, Jim.

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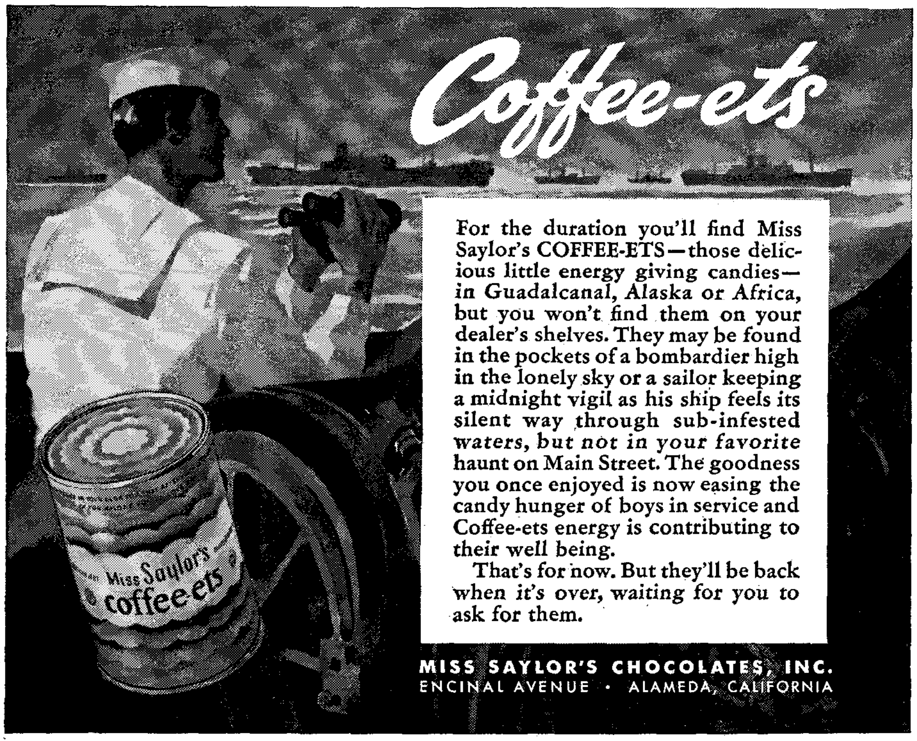

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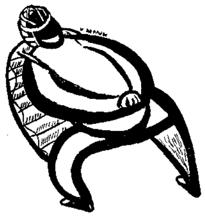
NOTES ON SPORTS

Trouble Brewing



THINGS look a little more ominous for baseball now than they did a couple of weeks ago, what with the announcement that the impounding of unessential fathers would begin along about midsummer. Ball players have been told, reasonably enough, that they are not vital cogs in the war effort. Pleasant, likeable cogs, but not vital. Fellows like Dolph Camilli, of the Brooklyn Dodgers, who has in the neighborhood of half a dozen children and has hitherto been looked upon as entirely safe from the Great Dogcatcher in Washington, will soon be in just as precarious a state as the rest of the boys. There's a strong likelihood that even if the 154-game season is played through, some teams will have to drop out.

It's impossible to tell which ones these might be, but as far as the public is concerned, probably, it should happen to the Boston Braves or the Washington Senators or one of the Philadelphia clubs rather than to the Dodgers or the Yankees or the St. Louis Cardinals or Browns. These four have been generally conceded to be the main pennant contenders in their respective leagues. James J. Carroll, who is what is elaborately known as a betting commissioner, has quoted odds of 3–4 against the Yankees, 5–1 against the Browns, and 9–10 each against the Dodgers and the Cardinals. His estimate of the chances of either Philadelphia team is 100–1. In the American League, he rates the Cleveland Indians and the Boston Red Sox even with the Browns. This department recommends even-money, team-for-team bets on the Cardinals over the Dodgers and on the Browns over the Indians or the Red Sox. This same department, having, by sheer will power, won the pennant and also, somewhat to its own surprise, a five-game World Series for one St. Louis team last year, is now prepared to see what it can do for the other—pure largesse from one who has never even been in the town.

By the time this is read, unless a heavy snowfall has disarranged things, the season will have opened. The Dodgers may already have won their first game in impressive fashion. If so, there's no cause for alarm, because it just means that the Dodgers have got themselves into better shape than the rest of the clubs and are showing a little early foot. They won eleven of their twelve pre-season exhibition games, beating the Yankees five out of five times, but that sort of thing can't go on all summer. The other teams should catch up after a bit more exercise and by then the Dodgers will be breathing hard anyway, there being a number of old, old men among them.

PEOPLE who were huddled by a fire and a radio, following these recent wintry ball games the sensible way, may have been glad to hear Red Barber back again. He continues to be the best sports announcer in the business and is particularly at home with baseball. Old Gold, his sponsor, has come up with a new something new called apple honey, which threatens to be as grim to hear about as latakia, but maybe it will blow over before the season is out. Another announcer to be heard briefly last week was Mr. LaGuardia, who broadcast one inning of a Dodgers-Giants game. His performance was fine except for a certain vagueness about players' names, a frequent use of the phrase "at the bat," and a tendency to call every batted ball a hit whether the runner was out or safe.

THE outdoor track season starts this Saturday with the Penn Relays, to be held in Philadelphia. Greg Rice will run in the two-mile and probably go on running in all the two-miles for weeks to come, but it is doubtful whether Gunder Hägg, the Swedish distance expert, will get over here to race against him. Everybody seemed to think for a while that he would be able to make the trip, but then he issued a statement that it looked unlikely. He said, however, that he had been tuning up all winter, just in case, by running in the snow. There is no indication that Rice has ever done much of that kind of training, which should mean, at least, that Hägg is the better mudder of the two by now.

—D. L.

•

The external auditory meatus is a somewhat tortuous canal, being directed inwards, upwards and forwards, then inwards, upwards and backwards and finally inwards, forwards and slightly downwards to end blindly at the drum membrane.—*From "The Physiological Basis of Medical Practice," second edition, by Charles Herbert Best and Norman Burke Taylor.*

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MUSICAL EVENTS

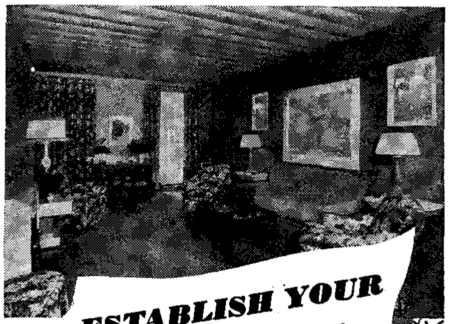
Philharmonic Parade

THIS season the Philharmonic-Symphony faced nine conductors in a hundred and fifteen concerts, distributed over twenty-eight weeks. If you think that was a lot of maestri, look back at the record of a hundred years ago, when the Philharmonic was just beginning. There were three concerts in the season of 1842-1843 and six directors. In fact, it took the Philharmonic twenty-three years to get around to engaging its first "permanent" conductor, Carl Bergmann, who took over on a regular basis in 1865. So this past season's podium pageant may not seem remarkable to readers-up on the city's early musical history.

Of the nine leaders who took charge of various numbers of musicales, ranging from seven (Arturo Toscanini) to twenty-four (Bruno Walter), only two hadn't been seen previously at Philharmonic-Symphony subscription events. These were Howard Barlow, the sole American-born musician of the group, and Efrem Kurtz. Mr. Barlow will be back with the orchestra next year as guest conductor for a number of concerts. As you know, the director for the bulk of that season will be Artur Rodzinski.

The season, all told, didn't reveal anything about the conductors that wasn't already fairly well known to listeners, unless it was the flair of Dimitri Mitropoulos and Fritz Reiner for Gershwin music. Mr. Barlow's sure-handed way with an orchestra may have been news to those who never had seen him in action before and who had the peculiar notion that a conductor who works chiefly on the radio is the batonistic equivalent of a crooner. Actually, Mr. Barlow is one of the most experienced musicians in the orchestral field, and he registered promptly.

How the Philharmonic of a century ago performed under an average of two conductors a concert is anybody's guess. How the Philharmonic-Symphony of this past season played could be plotted on a chart. The graph would curve erratically up and down, hitting a sad low here and there, reaching a delightful high every now and then, and touching many other levels of performance.



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In the upper reaches of the graph you'd find the performances of Bach's St. Matthew Passion, conducted by Mr. Walter, in the closing subscription concerts. For this the orchestra had the collaboration of the Westminster Choir, the Junior Chorus of the Pius X School of Liturgical Music, several visiting instrumentalists, including the excellent harpsichordist Ralph Kirkpatrick, and six solo singers. Mr. Walter offered an "uncut performance" (an extreme purist might have demanded a few repeats that were skipped) and divided the work with a forty-five-minute intermission. The music didn't seem long, which is the way of masterpieces. Mr. Walter presented it with fervor and skill, and his collaborators, for the most part, functioned ably. William Hain sang the Narrator's music dramatically and clearly and Mack Harrell brought the same qualities to the lines of Jesus. The other soloists didn't seem quite as much at home with this score.

Mr. Walter introduced a new English text by Henry S. Drinker, the versatile gentleman from Philadelphia who translates Bach's vocal music for his own pleasure and the joy of singers. The diction wasn't always so hot, and I couldn't catch some of Mr. Drinker's words, but those I heard were eminently right.

AMONG other recent matters of importance should be noted the singing of Robert Shaw's Collegiate Chorale in the fourth of the Serenades at the Museum of Modern Art. Here's a mystery: how does Mr. Shaw get his people to sing so many things so well in so short a time? It seems that the Chorale is pitching in somewhere almost every week. . . . The Metropolitan Opera returned for a few performances between sessions of the Ballet Theatre and contributed a lively "Marriage of Figaro." . . . Speaking of opera, the best bet in opera books in a long time is Ernest Newman's "More Stories of Famous Operas." Read it for the plots, for information on the music, or for fun. It's a honey whatever you read it for.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

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—*From Pope's "The Rape of the Lock."*

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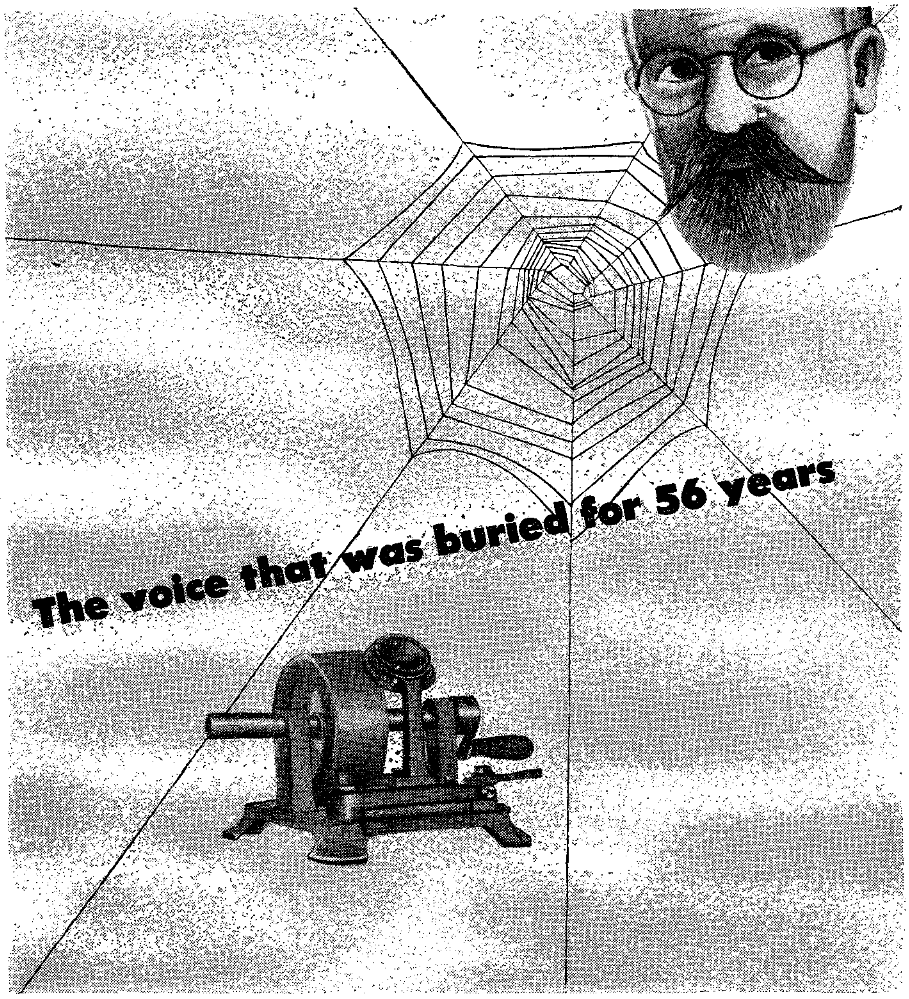
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BOOKS

Return of Mr. Lewis

SINCLAIR LEWIS'S "Gideon Planish" is by far his most effective book since "It Can't Happen Here," and in the simultaneously attractive and repulsive figure of Peony Planish he has drawn, I think, his best female character since the unforgettable Leora of "Arrowsmith." The story's vigor, invention, and atmosphere of keep-things-moving are the qualities of a fiery young man rather than of the mellow and diaconal fellow certain people may assume Mr. Lewis to be. In other words, though no "Arrowsmith," no "Babbitt," no "Dodsworth," "Gideon Planish" is a hell of a readable book.

Like some of Mr. Lewis's other novels, it stems from a kind of comic rage. I say comic because, even at his most furious, there is generally in Mr. Lewis an undertone of laughter. His bitterness is in the end usually overcome by his sense of the ludicrous. This mixture of tone is often to be found in great caricaturists, like Daumier, with whom Mr. Lewis has many affinities.

This time the object of his indignation is the Do-Gooders. He whales away at organized philanthropy (one of America's big businesses), committees for this and that, radio and lecture-platform uplifters, windy pressure groups, societies for the defense of democracy (or autocracy or hypocrisy or technocracy), resolution-passers, and organizations for the preservation of Eskimo culture.

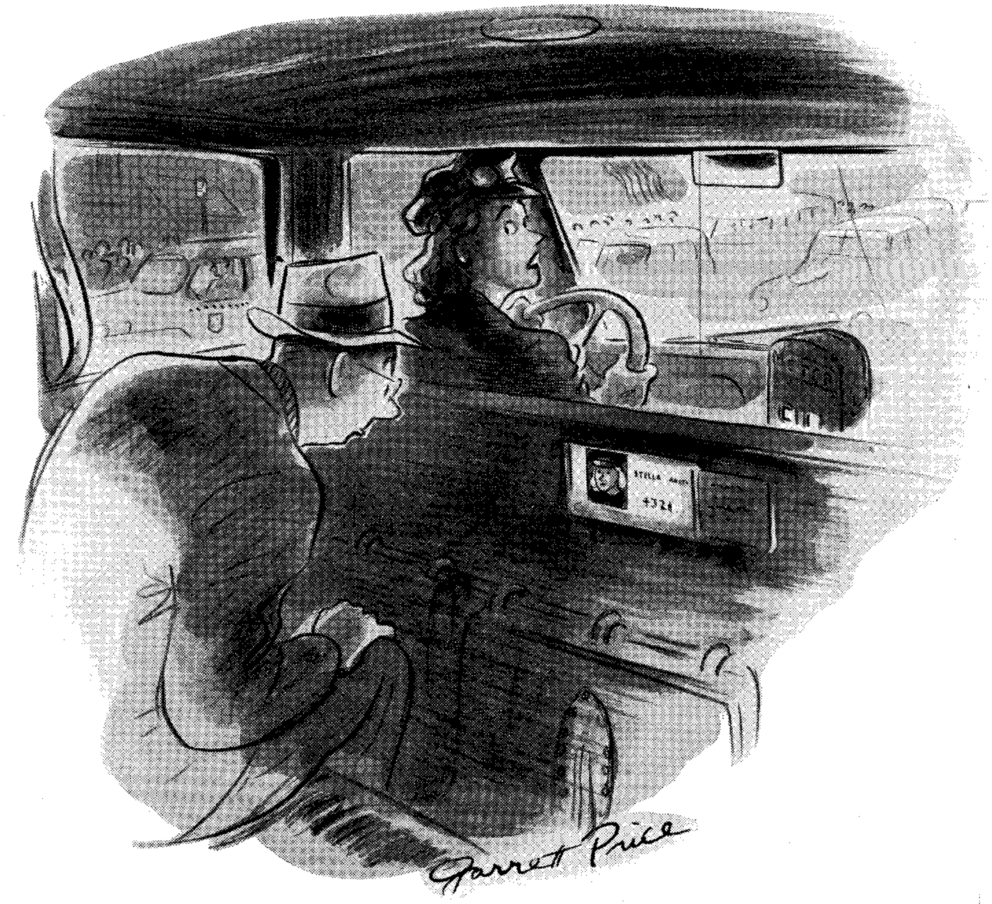
Using as a parade ground the career of Gideon Planish, a healthy dumb cluck born to be a chairman, Mr. Lewis passes in review all the fake-culture shock troops of our uncertain American society. Gideon, like many of Mr. Lewis's heroes, would like to be a good man but just hasn't the character. He becomes the perfect stuffed shirt, and in the end, hardly knowing how it has happened, he is part of the liberal front of the fascist organization of Colonel Charles Marduc, one of Mr. Lewis's more incredible but by no means entirely unrecognizable figures.

"Gideon Planish" abounds in characters drawn from every purlieu and dusty corner of organized philanthropy, but to me the most telling figure is not the pathetic Gideon, or the mustachioed Colonel Marduc, or his daughter Winifred Homeward, or homespun Senator Tom Blizzard. It is Peony, the girl Gideon marries, whose single-minded energy and ambition push the poor sap upward and onward until his soul is lost in an ocean of profitable clichés. Peony, for all her vulgarity and her mad obsession with parlor rugs and carved bookcases, is somehow an appealing, even a sweet figure. The manner in which her love for Gideon expresses itself is detestable, yet her love has a certain undeviating quality, a purity of feeling that makes you half admire her at the same time that you feel a holy desire to take a switch to her.

Mr. Lewis's case against the Do-Gooders is, of course, the case of an over-vigorous caricaturist. He knows perfectly well that the Declaration of Independence was the work of a man quite formally interested in uplift, that the Constitution of the United States was the work of a committee, and that today large numbers of good men find it useful and practical to work with the sort of groups it is rather easy to make fun of. Mr. Lewis exposes only the racket, the seamy side. No thoughtful reader will be convinced that true civic wisdom resides only in the mind and heart of the rugged, fiercely individualistic non-joiner. We are, for good or bad, people who naturally tend to split into parties, committees, and pressure groups. A lot of this is obviously healthy and necessary to the proper functioning of the body politic. That such a system inevitably produces large numbers of fools and phonies—and even encourages them—is also a truth, or rather a half-truth. Mr. Lewis has made the best of this half-truth.

LION FEUCHTWANGER now offers "Double, Double Toil and Trouble," a novel based on the mysterious career of Erik Jan Hanussen, Hitler's favorite soothsayer. One of his lesser works, it is nevertheless worth reading for what seems its almost devilish insight into the weird tangle of forces that propelled Hitler, the final and perfect representative of the Germans, into power.

Feuchtwanger's central figure, Oscar Lautensack, is an imposing semi-quack, gifted with some real telepathic powers, on whose foundations is erected a



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baroque edifice of charlatanry. It is Feuchtwanger's thesis, never explicit, that one of the forces insuring Hitler's success emerged from the union of German big business with the primitive, instinctive, medicine-man "blood-thinking" represented by the clairvoyant Lautensack. The rise and fall of Lautensack merely parallels the rise and fall of hundreds of faithful Nazis whom Hitler found it necessary first to use, then to dispose of. What is more illuminating is that such a figure as Lautensack should have achieved power in Germany. The circumstance seems to bear witness to the persistence in the German people of medieval traits which have long since died out of other civilized communities.

Feuchtwanger's portrait of Hitler, who is prominent in the book, is incisive without being quite convincing. The author emphasizes his "demonic," superstitious, peasantlike quality, but he does not show us the ruthless politician, the tireless schemer for world enslavement. The dimensions of his Hitler seem too limited.

A SMALL but lively controversy is currently stirring in connection with Mark Aldanov's "The Fifth Seal." This novel, translated from the Russian by Nicholas Wreden, displays a number of Soviet bureaucrats—and by implication the whole Stalinist hierarchy—in an unfavorable light. The boys who are yelling blue, or rather Red, murder over this book have, I think, overlooked the fact that Mr. Aldanov (whose long residence in a decadent Paris has given him a certain cynicism, rather absurd and old-fashioned) is hardly less fond of Communists than he is of the human race. He writes coldly, cuttingly, and often cleverly about Russians, Frenchmen, and Spaniards, all of them foolish, venal, or ineffectual. That he bears a special grudge against Stalinists is indisputable; that he bears a more general grudge against non-Stalinists is equally indisputable.

Part of "The Fifth Seal" has little to do with politics, and it is the best part. Readers of Gide and Romains are familiar with the interest of French psychological novelists in the "unmotivated" or "artistic" crime. Aldanov belongs to the same school. The story of Alvera, the neurotic intellectual, the almost gratuitous murder he commits, the chase, the conviction, the execution—this is all on a high level of smart melodrama. Its connection with the rather wearisome satire on Soviet bureaucracy is never entirely clear. This

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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE LAST OF SUMMER, by Kate O'Brien. A serious young French actress drops in on her Irish cousins in Drumaninch just before Hitler attacks Poland. Without quite meaning to, she stands the young men of the family and a few other people on their respective heads. Slow and over-cautious at first, but warms up nicely. In its quiet way, as neat and fine a novel as you are likely to run across at the moment.

ANOTHER CLAUDIA, by Rose Franken. The third installment in the author's tender, light chronicle of marriage. This time Claudia has a nervous breakdown caused by the death of her baby and nearly runs her happy marriage on the rocks. Miss Franken, though, is far too kind not to step in and set everything right at the end.

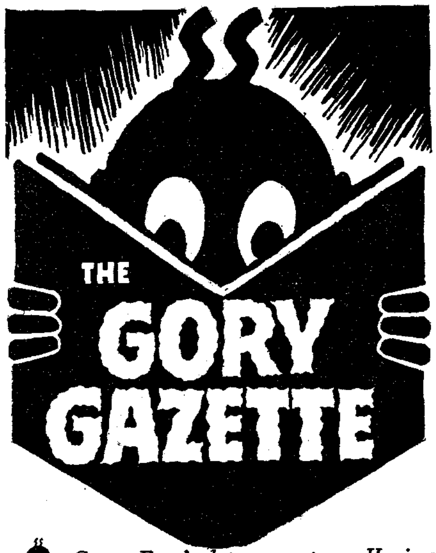
NIGHT DUTY, by John Stuart Arey. One day and one night in the community of a London hospital during the 1940 blitz. A modest and exceptionally competent first novel, slightly conventional in treatment, no doubt, but rich in the interaction of characters, and written clearly and quietly.

TWO SERIOUS LADIES, by Jane Bowles. Fantasy impromptu about a Miss Goering (no connection with medals) and a Mrs. Copperfield (no connection with David), whose slightly off-the-beam adventures may remind you of Cocteau and Firbank and the early Gertrude Stein. Diverting, mock-naïve style, but the story doesn't get anywhere much.

THREE OF A KIND, by James M. Cain. Three novelettes by the author of "Serenade." The first, a set piece about life among the musicians, has a rigged plot, the second makes an effective thriller out of some complicated shenanigans in a bank, and the third concerns an attempted perfect crime in the insurance business. Mr. Cain's preface intimates that from now on he will abandon such "intense tales" in favor of a broader kind of writing.

GENERAL

BROTHERS UNDER THE SKIN, by Carey McWilliams. Our non-white minorities—Indians, Chinese, Japa-



CRAIG RICE'S latest mystery, *Having Wonderful Crime,* has just been published. On the theory that there are still a few people (those who have just learned to read, say) who need further elucidation:

Having Wonderful Crime shows CRAIG RICE'S famous trio—Jake Justus, his beauteous wife Helene, and criminal lawyer John J. Malone—on a New York vacation. Their impact on Manhattan is terrific. The highlights are, briefly: a decapitated bride who sends cheery postcards from Niagara Falls; a not-so-kosher escort bureau; a disappearing bridegroom with an inexplicable yen for the Staten Island ferry; and a model who goes in for censorable correspondence.

Having Wonderful Crime
Craig Rice

CRAIG RICE *aficionados* will realize, of course, that the above inventory merely skims the surface of *Having Wonderful Crime.* It makes no attempt to describe the hilarious antics of O'Brien, Birnbaum, and Schultz, those three stalwart members of New York's Finest. Nor of the Greenwich Village poetess who relentlessly insists on reciting her latest inspiration in the very teeth of murder.

Ever since the first CRAIG RICE manuscript arrived at Inner Sanctum Mysteries four years ago, the editors have been floundering in a welter of adjectives—their own and critics'—to express the captivating quality of this author's novels. Closest approximation is the following paragraph from a letter written by LOUIS UNTERMEYER:

It is not exactly a blend—a composite of AGATHA CHRISTIE'S ingenuity, DASHIELL HAMMETT'S speed, and DOROTHY SAYERS' wit—but a combination and an idiom as unique as it is engrossing. I cannot imagine myself skipping a line by CRAIG RICE."

So, if you're in the mood to be having wonderful time, read

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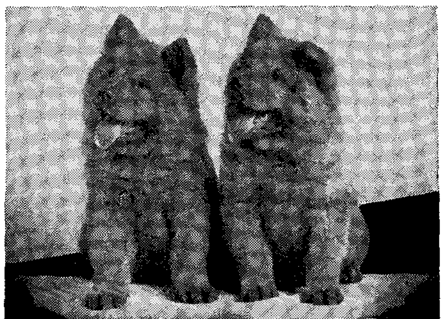

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BAREFOOT BOY WITH CHEEK, by Max Shulman. Slightly Perelmanish burlesque of the latter-day college freshman, by the ex-editor of the University of Minnesota's humorous magazine. Much of it is green corn, but Mr. Shulman shows signs of being a comer. Sketches by Will Crawford.

THE STORY OF DR. WASSELL, by James Hilton. About Commander Corydon Wassell, U.S.N.R., the doctor from Arkansas who tended the wounded from the Houston and the Marblehead in Java and later got the more serious cases out safely to Australia. A moving story, of course, though somewhat sentimentalized. Oddly enough, Dr. Wassell turns out to be something of a Hilton hero too. He doesn't seem quite adequate at first, but comes through in the pinch.

THE WORLD OF YESTERDAY, by Stefan Zweig. Autobiography of the refugee German writer who committed suicide in Brazil last year. The author's own experience amid the darkening perspectives of European culture in our time, together with a variety of fresh insights on them. Lucidly written.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DEATH TAKES A BOW, by Frances and Richard Lockridge. Jerry North, publisher, survives the terrific ordeal of introducing his prize author, Victor Leeds Sproul, to a New York lecture audience only to find that the man of letters has been murdered during the introduction. The little woman, Pamela North, gets off to a slow start but closes with a rush and solves the mystery with the help of her old friend Lieutenant Bill Weigand. Thoroughly satisfactory in every way.

•

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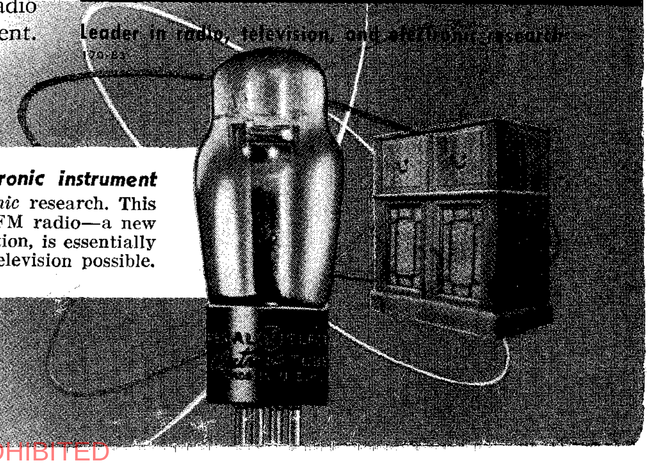

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